Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

Art Literature & the Drama.

The BYSTANDER

No. 454.—Vol. XXXV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 14, 1912 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

LADY THEODOSIA CADOGAN: A NEW PORTRAIT

A daughter of the Earl of Gosford, who married the Hon. Alexander Cadogan, Earl Cadogan's youngest son, on August 3rd

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—Pistol (*modified*)

"Trouble in the Balkans"

WE all remember Mr. Kipling's celebrated bore, with his eternal "Trouble in the Balkans in the Spring," and he was hatched at least twenty years ago. The Bystander is, therefore, firmly on his guard against leading his readers to believe that anything out of the ordinary is to be the consequence of the latest developments in the Peninsula. Did ordinary physical laws regulate the movements of things east of the Adriatic, the powder magazine should, at the present moment, be in full blaze. The situation is exactly that for which the pessimists have prayed. At Constantinople there is practically civil war. The Cabinet has office without power, and the Young Turk Committee power without office: between the two the Sultan is in desperation. Incidentally, Turkey is still at war with Italy, and is, at the moment of writing, practically at war with Italy's blood-relative, Montenegro. Before many days are past she may possibly be also at war with powerful, ambitious, and warlike Bulgaria. At the same time, there is taking place within the Turkish Empire itself the Albanian rebellion, the rebels having either captured, or being about to capture, Uskub, and intending there to declare their independence.

* *
*

The Unshakable Turk

IF ever there *should* be real "trouble in the Balkans," it is in this August of 1912. By "trouble" is meant, presumably, a war by the allied Balkan States to eject the Turk from Europe, and to establish in his place a Christian Federation under whoever happens to be the strongest of the kings. That is what all progressive-minded Englishmen wish, or should wish, to see happen. They will have long to wait, however. The Turk is not done with: some doubt if he is even yet begun with. That he will either be ejected from Europe, or compelled to take his place in a federation under Tsar Ferdinand, few really believe. So the "trouble in the Balkans" continues, and will never end. Even were the Turk actually annihilated, the chance of the various types of "Christians" settling down under one federal Government — even if allowed to by the rival great Powers—is one in a hundred.

* *
*

THE "PIPIFAX AND PANLO" OF POLITICS

Like his prototype on the music-hall stage, Mr. Lloyd-George's leanings are most dangerous and a constant source of anxiety to his companion on the stage

By E. T. Reed

The Released "Spies"

WITH all congratulations in the world on the release of the five merry yachtsmen of the *Silver Crescent*, I cannot profess to be surprised at their misadventure. No doubt to photograph freely in the vicinity of German fortifications at a time of acute diplomatic tension struck these sporting gentlemen as purely sport and nothing else. Germans, however, call it espionage, and the affair having taken place in Germany, their language was likely, for awhile, to prevail over ours. It only needs to ask what exactly would be said by ourselves were a party of five German yachtsmen to be found snapshotting in the vicinity of Chatham or Portsmouth, or Plymouth or the Humber. Just as the German papers have pointed out that there is always the Rhine to snapshot on, and the Norwegian fjords, so we should probably remind the Germans that there was Stratford-on-Avon and also the Thames Valley. One does not wish to be a pessimist, but if either Power had, at the moment, been seeking a *casus belli*, the *Silver Crescent* would have provided it.

* *
*

Unsportsmanship in Politics

THE usual unseemly wrangle is going on as to why Sir John Randles won Manchester. One journal claims it to be the Insurance Act, another Home Rule, another Tariff Reform, and others the general tiredness with the Government. On the other side, the reason is given as "misrepresentation," "apathy," and so on and so forth. Politics is one of the few games in which the players do not seem to know how to lose. It is not English when you have received a knock-out blow, or have been outrun, outrowed, or outplayed, to indulge in lengthy altercation as to exactly why you lost. You are beaten; you accept the fact.

New Dictatorship: By E. T. Reed

Asquith *(drawing up the Trade Union Bill, which cancels the Osborne Judgment)*: "Here's your charter, citizens. Just show this and the law can't touch you. You won't mind my introducing a 'safeguard' or two for other people, will you?"

Labour Leaders *(indignantly)*: "Other people? Who are they? Look here, we didn't come here to be played with! There *are* no other people"

But the rival party "sportsmen" never win without a whoop or lose without a whine. So far as the Manchester electors, and others elsewhere, are concerned, they vote Tory now instead of Liberal, on the old, old principle of giving the other side a chance. The Government, good or bad (and it is not really too much of either), is getting jaded, and the other side is showing zest. It is an English custom to like to be on the winning side. Hence Manchester . . . and the next General Election.

***

Why?

I WONDER how many people really believe that the Master of Elibank retires from politics solely because he had a post offered him in the Pearson firm? Reasons of health are, of course, given. But suffering ones have, in other cases, been provided for within, and not without, the Government. One is forced to the conclusion that the Master's retirement is due to a disagreement with his colleagues on matters of policy, of which we shall hear more later. Meanwhile, there is scope for a gibe by Mr. Bottomley. Elibank wanted a sphere in which he could display his aptitude for business; so, of course, he had to leave the Government.

***

Libs. versus Rads.

THE appointment to succeed the Master of Elibank of young Mr. Illingworth, a footballer and one-time Imperial Yeoman, is, indeed, a "nathty one" for Mr. Massingham and his "Stop the Navy" stalwarts. Once again the Liberal M.P. will have to toe the armaments line, or—do the other thing.

***

No More Olympics!

THOUSANDS of English sportsmen will thank Mr. R. C. Lehmann heartily for his spirited suggestion that we should withdraw from future participation in the preposterous Olympic

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!" REVUE. BARNOLD'S DOG AND MONKEY ACTORS, "NEW YORK" BALLET, and Selected Varieties. EVENINGS, at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALEIN.

DALY'S THEATRE. Every Evening, at 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production, "GIPSY LOVE," a MUSICAL PLAY in 3 Acts. English Libretto by Basil Hood. Lyrics by Adrian Ross. Music by FRANZ LEHAR. Mat., Sats., at 2. Tel. 201 Ger.

GARRICK. "FIND THE WOMAN." A Play in Four Acts by CHARLES KLEIN. VIOLET VANBRUGH. Julius Knight. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MATINÉE, WEDNESDAYS, at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES. Every Evening, at 8. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' new production, "THE SUNSHINE GIRL," a Musical Play in Two Acts. Box Office open 10 to 10.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. ELLALINE TERRIS AND SEYMOUR HICKS IN "THE SLUM ANGEL," THE IRISH PLAYERS, ALBERT CHEVALIER, RAYMOND PHILLIPS, and Star Co. 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* 7541 Gerrard.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Daily, 2.30 and 8. LA BISCAJESA, CLARICE MAYNE, PIPIFAX and PANLO, F. CORWEY, WALTER KELLY, GERALD O'BRIEN, and Star Co. 1*s.* to £4 4*s.* 650 Gerrard.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W. ALWAYS THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON. Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10. Matinées, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30. Admission from 6*d.* to 5*s.* Private Boxes, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 15*s.*, and £1 1*s.* Lalla Selbini, Lamberti, Vesta Victoria, Will Evans, Joe Elvin, T. E. Dunville, Adele Moraw, Billy Williams, Campbell & Brady, Four Ormonds etc., etc.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY
GREAT IRISH HORSE SHOW,
AUGUST 27, 28, 29, 30.

The Largest Show of Hunters in the World. Thoroughbreds and Harness Horses. Naval and Military Jumping Competition.

For Illustrated Programme apply to the AGRICULTURAL SUPERINTENDENT, Leinster House, DUBLIN.

Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers

£2,000 will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Offices, Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bona-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season ticket-holder, or trader's ticket-holder; or

£1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident, and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5, and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 13th day of August, 1912, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 21st day of August, 1912.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature .....

Subscribers paying yearly or half yearly in advance, either direct to our Publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their Subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration, to

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited
36-44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

NOTE.—For the sum of £1 8s. 2d. (for 52 weeks) and for 14s. 1d. (for 26 weeks) you receive "The Bystander" post free and are insured as above.

TRAVEL.

P & O Pleasure Cruises

From LONDON (*Calling at LEITH).

***Norway, Copenhagen, &c., Aug. 28—13 Days.**
Besides the Sogne Fjord, Bergen, and the Hardanger, this Cruise by the "MANTUA" (11,500 tons) will include a visit to Christiania, and a stay of two days at Copenhagen.

Dalmatia, Venice, &c., Sept. 6—29 Days.
A Cruise by the "VECTIS" (6,000 tons) along the Dalmatian Coast in September, will show this delightful country in its most charming aspect. The Cruise includes calls at Cattaro and Klek Bay, whence Cettinje and Mostar, the respective capitals of Montenegro and Herzegovina, may be visited.

Lisbon, Gibraltar, Madiera, Sept. 12—19 Days.
The "MANTUA'S" Atlantic Cruise in September offers unique attractions for those who voyage for pleasure. Write for Programme.

FARES from about £1 a Day.

Illustrated Programme and Plans of the Ships on application as below.

P & O Co. { Northumberland Avenue, W.C. / 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. } **London.**

P & O Programme Post Free.

R.M.S.P. YACHTING CRUISES DE LUXE, 1912.

By Ocean Yachting Steamer
"ARCADIAN"
Twin-screw 8,939 tons. All cabins fitted with Bedsteads instead of Berths. Promenade Deck full length of Vessel. Electric Fans in all Cabins. Electric Laundry, Swimming Bath. Gymnasium. No Cargo carried.

To BALTIC and MEDITERRANEAN

Cr. 6. BALTIC & RUSSIA.....	24 Aug	24 days
Cr. 7 PENINSULA MOROCCO & MARSEILLES.....	28 Sept	10 days
Most luxurious & interesting Route to the RIVIERA		
Cr. 8 HOLY LAND & EGYPT	9 Oct	29 days
Cr. 9. ALGERIA, SPAIN, &c.	9 Nov	15 days

From Grimsby, Southampton, & Marseilles.
From £1 a Day. Illustrated Booklets from
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.
London: 18, Moorgate Street, E.C., or 32, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HARWICH ROUTE TO THE CONTINENT.

CORRIDOR TRAIN, with 1st and 2nd class DINING and BREAKFAST CARS. No supplementary charge for seats in the Dining or Breakfast Cars.

BRITISH ROYAL MAIL HOOK OF HOLLAND ROUTE. DAILY EXPRESS SERVICES by TURBINE STEAMERS.

London, Liverpool Street Station, dep. 8.30 p.m.

ACCELERATED SERVICE TO and FROM NORTH GERMANY. EXPRESS SERVICE TO SOUTH GERMANY.

THROUGH CARRIAGES and Restaurant Cars between the Hook of Holland, Amsterdam, Bremen, Hamburg, Halle (for the Harz), Dresden, Berlin, Dusseldorf, Cologne, Homburg, Bad Nauheim, Frankfort o/M., Wiesbaden, Heidelberg, Munich, Stuttgart and Bale.

ANTWERP ROUTE for BRUSSELS, THE BELGIAN ARDENNES, SPA, SWITZERLAND, &c., Daily (Sundays excepted), by Large Twin Screw Steamers.

London, Liverpool Street Station, dep. 8.40 p.m. CORRIDOR VESTIBULED TRAIN, with 1st and 2nd class Dining and Breakfast Cars; no supplementary charge for seats in the Dining or Breakfast Cars.

Wireless Telegraphy and Submarine Signalling.

Particulars at 122, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Manager, Great Eastern Railway, Liverpool Street Station, E.C

HOTELS.

DUNBLANE

HOTEL-HYDROPATHIC—GATE OF THE HIGHLANDS—PERTHSHIRE.

HIGH-CLASS RESIDENCE and LOVELY GROUNDS: TENNIS, CROQUET, GOLF. TERMS, including all BATHS, from £2 16*s.* per Week.

Apply MANAGERESS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION Per Annum.

	At Home.	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad.
"The Graphic" (including Summer and Christmas Nos.)	30/-	32/-	36/6
"The Daily Graphic"	39/-	52/-	52/-
"The Daily Graphic" (weekly part 6 Nos.)	43/6	34/8	45/6
"The Bystander"	28/2	30/4	35/-

All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publisher "The Graphic" Office, Tallis House, Whitefriars London, E.C.

Paris Office for Subscriptions and Advertisements: Marc Dormoy, 35, Rue Lafayette.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

Liberal Whips—The Old and the New

Games. The attempt on the part of Sir A. Conan Doyle and others to make the Olympic Games the test of our sporting efficiency, and to impose the Olympic standard upon our athletes, will be resented as tyrannical. We want only one standard, and that is the British one, in which the thing to be done is not merely to win the game, but to play it like a gentleman. If we cannot impose our standard on the rest of the world, then let the rest of the world make its own. We do, however, reserve the right to our national independence in sport, as in politics. If, in 1916, our politics are being made for us in Berlin, then let them, if they can, make our sport for us there too. But so long as we remain independent in the one, we claim independence in the other. Incidentally, Mr. Lehmann has dealt a most valuable blow at the pot-hunting revivalism which seems to have set in so furiously at Carmelite House, the effect of which has been to professionalise so many pastimes, especially that which might have been known as the "sport" of flying.

* * *

The Superior Person—

IT might, by the way, be suggested to the various able editors that the Superior Person is having rather too long an innings. When one reads letters and articles on the subject of decadence, waning grit, and all that sort of thing, one is curious to know exactly what the writers are themselves doing, or have done, that they be judges over us. It would be far more to the point to get the Decadent ones themselves, where they are to be found, to explain why they are all the inept things they are accused of being. The replies would probably stagger the Superior Persons in their logical weight and substance.

Photograph *Lafayette*

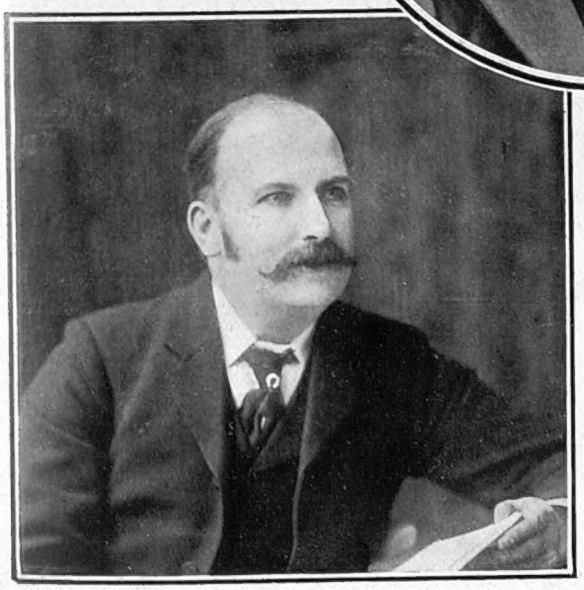
THE LOST WHIP

Lord Murray of Elibank, whose retirement from the office of Chief Government Whip to undertake a "business" appointment, is one of the political sensations of the times. His first act after resignation has been to go back on the principles he insisted upon when in office and recommend a Labour candidate for Midlothian, to the great indignation of the Liberal electors of his former constituency

Photograph *Lafayette*

NEW CHIEF GOVERNMENT WHIP

Mr. Percy Illingworth, M.P., forty-three years of age, wealthy, a sportsman and a strong Imperialist



Photograph *Barratt*

THE VICTOR OF NORTH-WEST MANCHESTER

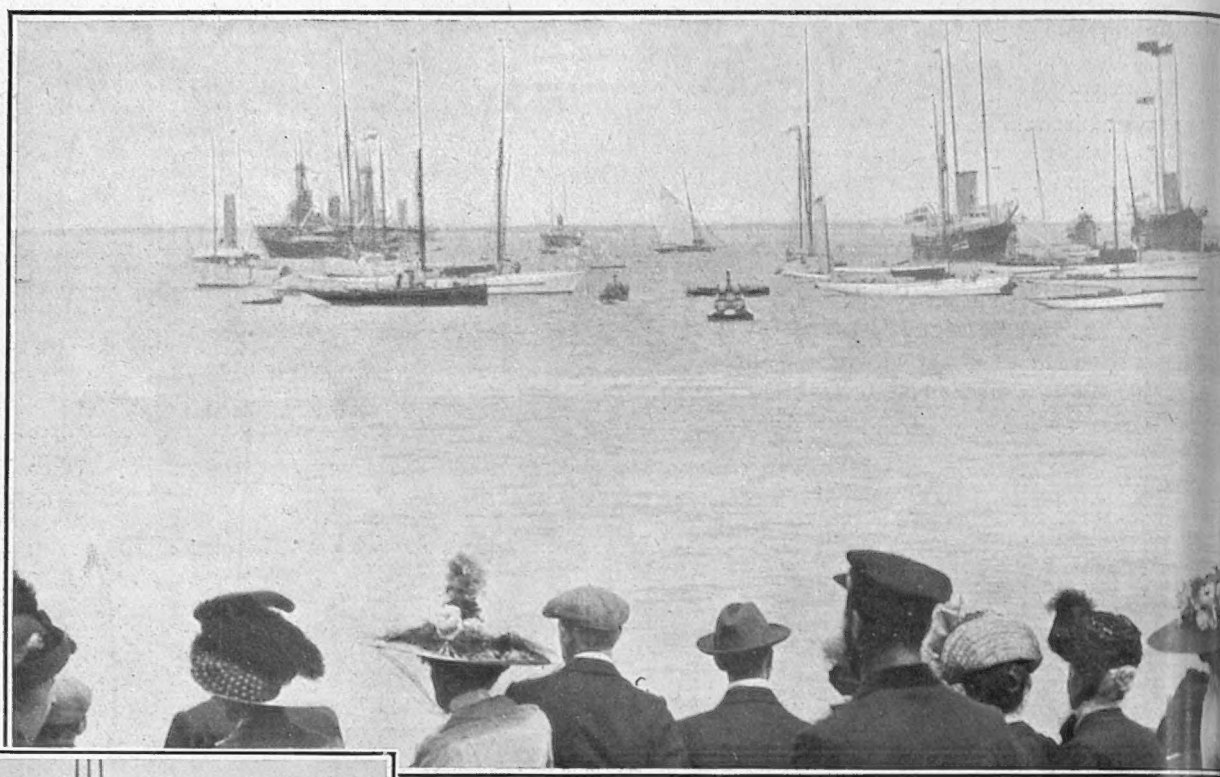
Sir John Randles, M.P., who captured the "Free Trade citadel" for Unionism by a majority of 1,202

* * *

—And Cigarettes

WHY, for instance, does the Young Man of the day smoke cigarettes? The Superior Person, who probably has time to smoke a pipe or the means to smoke cigars, might be surprised to learn that cigarettes are smoked largely to provide the senses with light occupation while the mind is concentrated on the vast problems of the day. The cigar and the pipe alike would distract attention from these problems infinitely more than does the cigarette, which is smoked often unconsciously. Will the Superior Person next time he meets a cigarette-smoking youth really try and believe that his weed is the symbol of mental fulness, not vacancy? He has been trying to get the hang of two or three at least of the earth-shaking questions that the Superior Persons

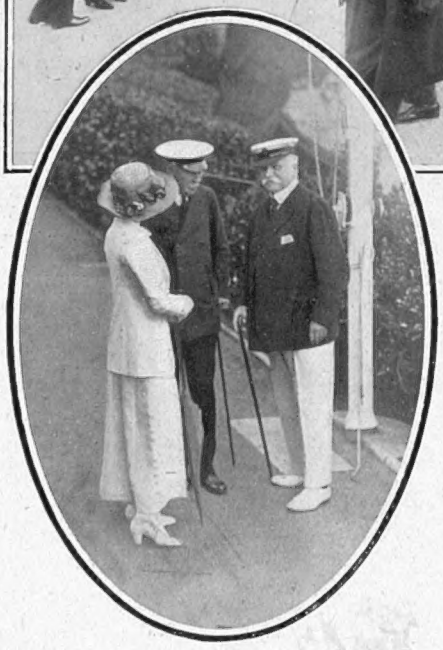
Weathering the Weather at the Wors



VISITORS ON THE FRONT APPEARING TO BE

SIR DEREK AND LADY KEPPEL

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE ON THE ARM OF THE DUKE OF SANTON



LORD LEITH OF FYVIE (on right) TALKING TO FRIENDS AT THE SQUADRON GATES

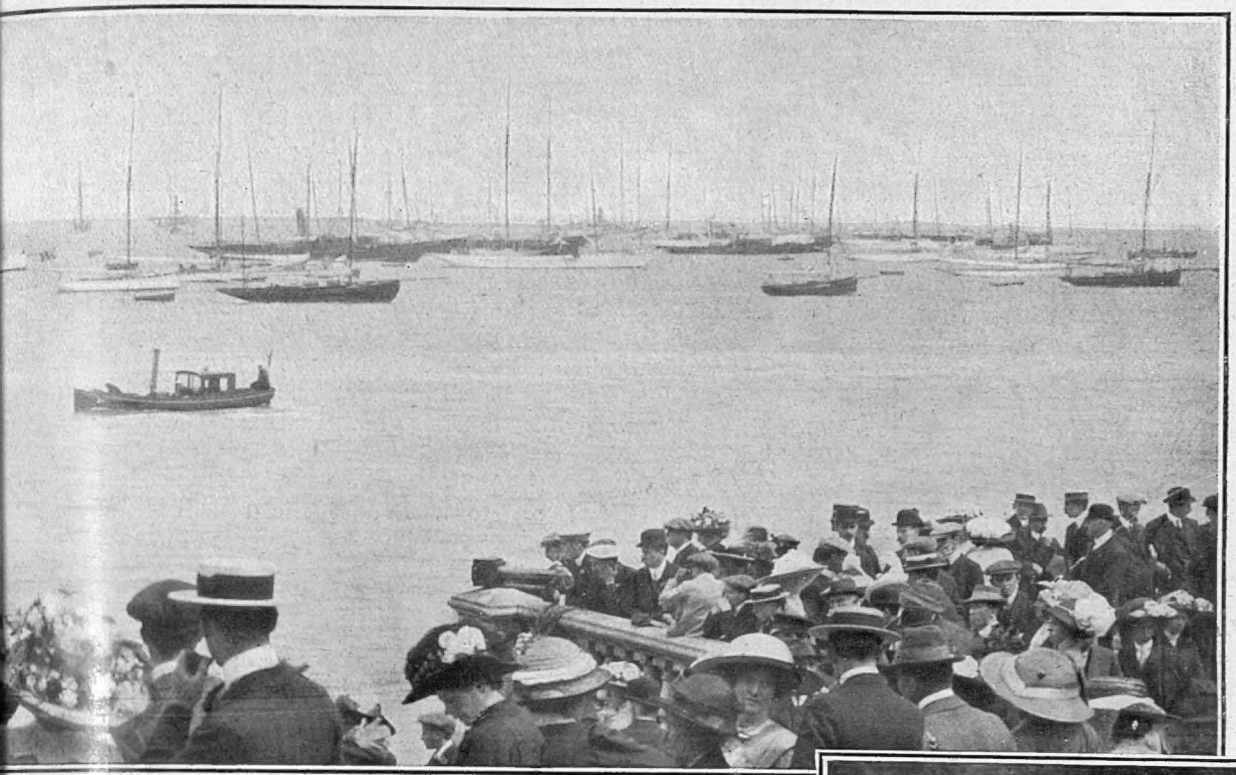
have brought to his notice in that morning's paper.

***

Fiascowes

POLITICS, spies, sport—no matter what it is—there was only one topic last week and that was the weather. At Cowes "people" talked of nothing else, as was natural, for Cowes is weather and weather is Cowes. To be at Cowes during the wettest, coldest, and windiest August within the memory of man is to talk weather all the time. Even if the racing h been worth watching, nobody not yachting expert was in the humo to watch it. As a consequence of l week's weather many peop remained in town and cancelled arrangements to be away from London does, after all, afford one t best choice of shelter from t elements, and it is surprising wh an interesting town it is when one not supposed to be in it. As to th THE BYSTANDER will have more say in its next issue, for which sta at-homes and go-aways are invite jointly to look out.

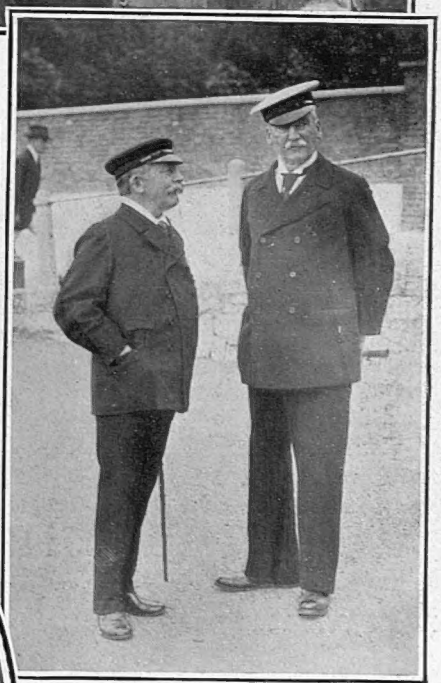
Cowes Regatta Within the Memory of Man



INTERESTED IN THE YACHTS IN THE ROADS

LADY SYBIL GRIMSTON AND MISS GLYN ON BOARD "THE METEOR"

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD PASSING UP THE STAIRCASE OF THE SQUADRON YACHT CLUB



THE MARQUIS OF ORMONDE CHATTING WITH MR. GIBSON BOWLES

Latest Literary Avocation

CAN you write book-covers? If not, by all means learn at once. It is likely to be the literary avocation of the future. By book-covers I mean those little summaries of the plot of the novel which certain publishers print on the paper covers. That written to "Sentimental Billy" (by Ashton Hilliers, published by Methuen) should sell the novel by its last sentence alone. After explaining that the story is one of the "excusable muddling of a straight but rather stupid young gentleman," the cover-writer concludes:

> There is a nice girl in it and a militant Suffragette, but only two unfortunate marriages, and one of these comes right at last.

The knowledge that there *is*, in a modern novel, a "nice girl" as distinct from a Suffragette, and only the residue of *one* unfortunate marriage should certainly attract thousands!

By The Leaden Sea

(A suggestion for a cheery column on our leading seaside resorts—to be used only if the thermometer again drops to zero)

BRIGHTON.—Perfectly sunless weather with sleet at intervals. The Mayor has started a fund for the purpose of buying and distributing blankets to the poorer visitors. Bathing impossible, except in such houses as have baths with hot water laid on. Amusements: Roasting chestnuts, watching icebergs. Try Pagaliri and Co. for respirators.

ABERYSTWYTH.—Several pierrots have been found frozen at this popular seaside resort. A cyclone is expected shortly. Enormous numbers of visitors are here, and as the trains are snow-bound, they cannot get away. Amusements: Knitting mittens, hunting walruses. Illd. guide 2*d*. Contg. addresses 10 comp. drwgs.

SOUTHEND.—Gloomy. The "Shackleton" woollen helmet is mostly worn by visitors in place of the smarter white yachting cap. It saves frost-bite. Shrimping is carried on through holes in the ice. Tompkins for hot potatoes. 1st class only.

LIZARD TOWN.—Why go to Switzerland for winter sports? Try the Cornish Lapland in August. Seals. Whales. Penguins. Snow-balling competition shortly. Poluheedle and Co. for cough-drops, pneumonia mixture, etc. J. Traherne for ornamental masonry. Get Willis' iron (everlasting) wreaths.

SCARBOROUGH.—Recommended by Eugenists this August, as "only the fittest survive."

MARGATE.—Yesterday was the Arctic limit. Same at Ramsgate, Hythe, Dover. Reports from Poppyland identical. Don't come if you haven't: if you have, buy a fur-coat and sit by the stove. Gas 1*d*. in slot. Everybody is drinking hot rum-and-water at Margate.

SANDWICH.—A letter from a correspondent at this resort to a Dundee friend indicates a continuance of squalls with some prospects of warmer times.

MR. AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL HOLIDAY-MAKING AT SANDWICH

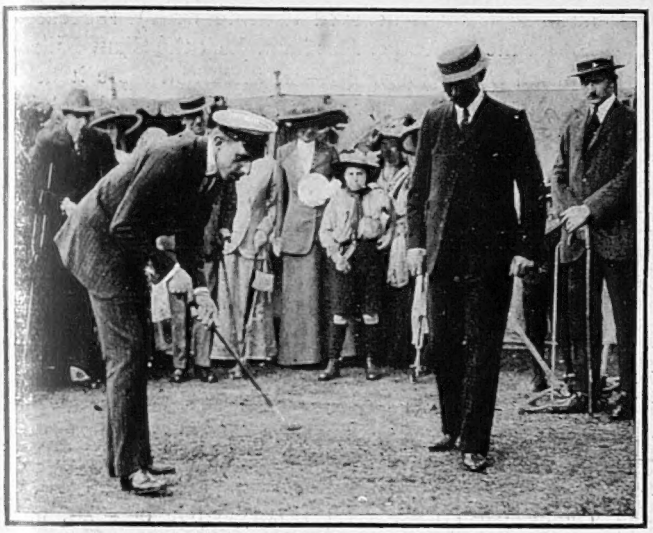
Where they have taken a house for a short time, and where, judging by the expression on Mr. Churchill's countenance, he is enjoying a rest after his recent literary effort against Mr. Bonar Law

The Modern Conception of Kingship

THE DIVERSIONS OF ALFONSO : AND A VICTORIAN INDULGENCE

KING ALFONSO SHYING AT AUNT SALLY, AT THE WHIPPINGHAM FETE ON AUGUST 3rd

On the King's left is the Queen of Spain, and on the right Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein



KING ALFONSO PUTTING AT THE WHIPPINGHAM FETE

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN SHYING AT AUNT SALLY

EVERY year or so it is our pleasure to welcome King Alfonso, and to afford him such relief as he requires from the dignities of Spanish Kingship. At Cowes he finds a much needed relaxation in shying at Aunt Sallies, golfing, and judging in the gentlemen's hat-trimming contest. At all events, these are the activities in which he was caught by the camera. Possibly there were others. Princess Victoria we have not, hitherto, associated with these little indulgences, and it is really quite novel to be able to publish a photograph of her also shying at Aunt Sallies. The Princess's increasing likeness to her grandmother of the same name, lends a peculiar, if rather incongruous, point to the pose in which the photograph is taken

THE KING OF SPAIN (ON THE RIGHT) AS JUDGE IN THE GENTLEMEN'S HAT-TRIMMING CONTEST AT WHIPPINGHAM

MEN WHO—MATTER?

NO. XV.: COLONEL ROOSEVELT, ON WHOSE REAL EXISTENCE SOME DOUBT IS THROWN

(BY A TAFTITE CORRESPONDENT)

ONE winter's night, rather more than half a century ago, three men met secretly at a farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Schenectady, N.Y. They were the leaders of a secret society—the Fathers of the American Nation, kindred and rival to the Sons of the American Revolution—and their aim was the welding of the United States into a nation. They are long since in their graves, and America is not yet become a nation, nor anything more than a casual collocation of unfinished London suburbs punctuated by dustheaps. At least their efforts have given birth to a national protagonist. For long years they and their successors sought him in vain. Once indeed they believed that they had found him—the Representative American Citizen—in the person of one Feodor Rosenveldt, who kept a small Delicatessen store in Avenue A, New York. But although in appearance, in language and business ethics he came near the universal ideal, there was yet something wanting. His voice lacked the true accent, its modulations being purely Yiddish, the acquilinity of his nose estranged him physically from Afro-American citizens.

It was in the fall of 1881 that the way was made clear by a suggestion from George Washington's black butler, transmitted at one of the Davenport Brothers' séances. The ideal Protagonist or Patron, he pointed out, must remain ideal. England has her St. George, Germany her Barbarossa, Switzerland her Tell, and none of them ever existed. St. George, for instance, was notoriously an honest army contractor, a flat contradiction in terms. Modern America had no representative demi-god (George Washington was, unfortunately, an English gentleman, and so ineligible). It was necessary, and, in these days of a free Press, easy to invent one. And so Theodore Roosevelt came into seeming.

Theodore Roosevelt, as perfected, is like no living American; to typify all he must resemble none. Physically, morally, mentally, his creators have excelled the total of their chosen models. His mouth and lips—by the unimaginative called gorillaesque—idealise those of the Irish-American; his self-complacency outstrips the German-American, even of Prussian stock; with his loquacity no Afro-American can hope to compete; in political "slimness" he foreshadows the Hebrew-American business man. His name, chosen out of compliment to his near ideal predecessor, and Knickerbockerized, typifies the aristocrat; his command of invective the bar-tender. Most marvellously typical of all his attributes, just as America believes itself a nation, Theodore Roosevelt, the ideal, has persuaded himself that he is real, and has forced others to believe it against the evidence of their senses. In this, be it noted, he expresses subtly yet another national attribute—the readiness to adopt the ideas of others and trumpet them forth as something new and strange—else what of "Frankenstein"?

This baseless fabric of an idea began to believe itself human when, a year after its conception, its creators elected it to a seat in the legislature of the first Mr. Rosenveldt's native State by adoption. Belief became obsession when invented by its progenitors into the Assistant-Secretaryship of a Navy which existed chiefly upon paper; doubt faded into certainty when it read, in the New York Press, how, leading a regiment of rough-riders at San Juan Hill, it had gained a victory in a battle actually fought and won by a negro regiment several miles away.

Alas for the well-meaning Society when, at last, exercising its imagination to the uttermost, it seated its dream-child in the Presidential chair, and all America crowded to shake its non-existent hand. For by that time Theodore Roosevelt had ceased to believe itself merely one man, and was become, in its mind's eye, a whole congeries. Wilhelm II., Oliver Cromwell (whose autobiography it believed itself to write), Richelieu, Moses, Lloyd George, Abraham, Jack the Giant Killer, Nimrod and a journalist—all these and more it held itself to be, together or separately, as the mood took it, and always out-anti-Heroding anti-Herod, as is the way of ideals. Vampire-like, it fed upon the brains of those that gave it birth, so that at last the Society ceased to be, and passed into the limbo of the Never-have-beens—and Theodore remained, more real than reality.

What might have been its future, whether as Dream-Emperor it might not have ruled the American imagination into a reality, or as Dream-Prophet led them to some new Land of Promises, even more promising than their own, these things can never be known. For one day Theodore the Ideal came into sharp collision with Taft the Real. When a wreathed vision collides with more than twenty stone of solid, immovable fact, there can be but one result—even in America. Taft sat firm. Theodore, with one last burst of imprecations, which may for ever remain the ideal of the would-be nation, exploded into the unknown, and only baseless rumour—so quick does legend grow—has it that somewhere he still believes himself to be weaving new parties out of promises and building up an infinity of words unto a Tower of Dream-Strength over-topping Babel.

Theodore is gone, but Tragedy remains. For it is a very real tragedy that all the joined effort of forty-eight States and territories, seeking to build a nation, should have been able only to pre-suppose one Man, born not of woman but of census tables, and that, at their hour of need, that Wraith, forced by circumstances to refuse belief even to its own existence, should fade into the *Ewigkeit*.

[*We do not necessarily associate ourselves with the above theories as to Mr. Roosevelt's actuality, and publish them simply because . . . well, they're something new, anyway.*—ED.]

MEN WHO—MATTER? *By "MAX"*

NO. XV.—COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

YACHTSWOMEN are agreed that it was so cold on the water as to have been more than usually—a "jersey" Cowes Week.

* * *

It is said that Ministers are still very uneasy about possible attacks of Suffragettes, and that those who are stopping with friends will not, out of mere consideration for their hostesses, reveal their addresses. Hostesses, therefore, who want it known that they are entertaining Ministers will have to do it themselves in some secret way—by sending a message, say, to the local paper.

* * *

This Suffragette danger is getting on everybody's nerves, and the attempt of Ministers to spend their holidays incognito is not likely to aid matters. Several most respectable citizens have already had their feelings badly injured by suspicious landladies who refused to let them apartments until they definitely denied that they were Mr. Lloyd George.

Rumours are spreading that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's latest idea is to put a tax on amusements. Every time, for example, that a man goes to listen to one of the Socialist orators in Hyde Park he will have to lick a stamp on to a card.

* * *

At least, it may be so, but amusements are vague things, not easy to define. It amuses one man to have his hair cut. Others are more amused by letting it hang about. Some people are amused by problem plays, some by the Censor. We should certainly resent having to pay a tax for listening to our curate singing a comic song, though the local reporter always states that he convulsed his audience.

* * *

Laundry prices are shortly to be raised, and we understand that smart men in the suburbs are forming a league to resist this new imposition. It is not clear whether their resistance will take the active form of washing their own collars, or the comparatively passive one of wearing india-rubber neck-bands.

* * *

When Mr. Winston Churchill goes to Canada "it will not be as a party politician, but as the chief representative of the British Admiralty." The idea seems to be that when Canadians realise that Mr. Churchill is our principal naval representative they will see how greatly we need help.

* * *

The movement in favour of Boy Sea Scouts is an excellent one. The land scouts put in some useful work, but they have not often the chance of doing a kind action to somebody else every twenty-four hours, though it is the ideal they aim at. Whereas, of course, they would only have to go on a pleasure steamer at any time to be able to do kind actions to dozens of people, all anxious to die quickly.

* * *

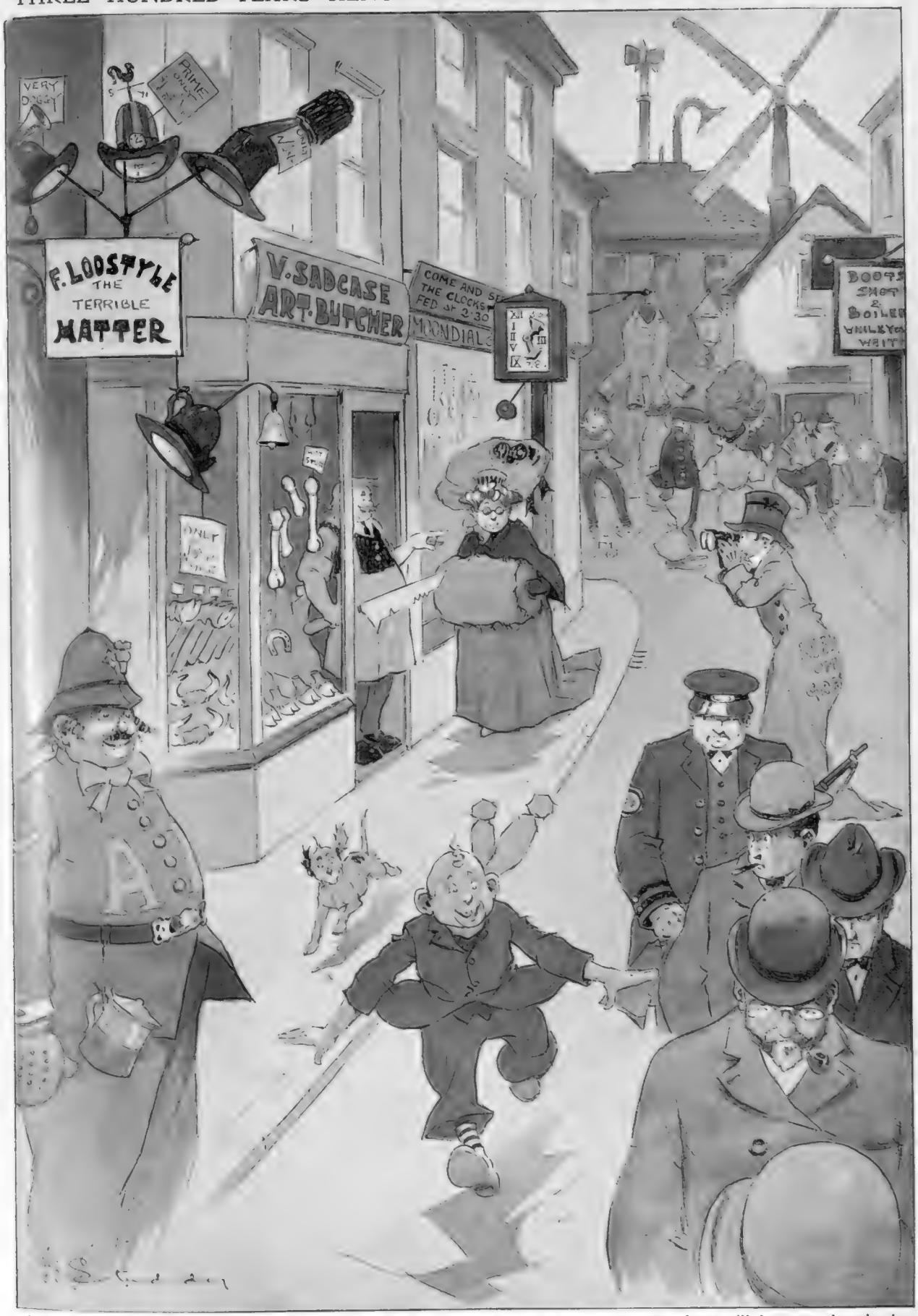
Girl Sea Scouts we draw the line at. The sea is a tricky element at any time, and if there is a thing it impresses upon one, it is the importance of being left alone as far as possible. We have the feeling that Girl Sea Scouts would not leave us alone. They would want to put a cushion under our heads, or explain the workings of the binnacle, or point out shoals of porpoises. The sea is no place for that sort of benevolence.

"THE MAN HIGHER UP"

Explaining just why there were so few men guests present for dinner at the Fairview Summer Hotel

When the Mad Outnumber the Sane

THREE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE—ACCORDING TO DR. FORBES WINSLOW



Dr. Forbes Winslow has prophesied that if lunacy continues to grow at its present rate, there will be more lunatics in the world than sane people three hundred years hence. Our artist gives us an idea of the appearance of his favourite village street at about the time indicated

BY G. E. STUDDY

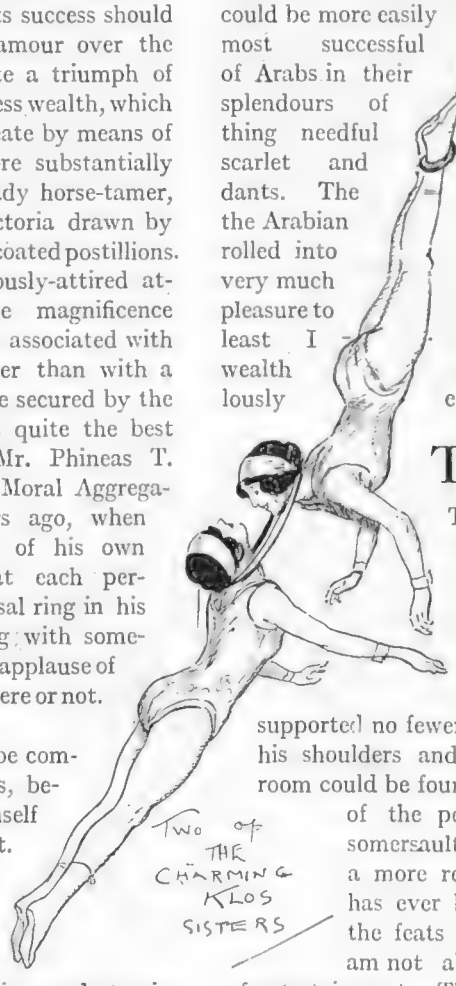
THE AMAZING ARAB ACROBATS

THE BIG CIRCUS AT EARL'S COURT

BY "JINGLE" AND NORMAN MORROW

THE "Big Circus," like everything else at Earl's Court Exhibition this year, is extremely well done, and if the management can maintain the present high level of excellence, its success should be assured. There is a splendid glamour over the whole production which makes it quite a triumph of showmanship. The illusion of boundless wealth, which the old-fashioned circus strove to create by means of cheap glitter and spangles, is far more substantially presented at the Big Circus. The lady horse-tamer, for instance, makes her entry in a victoria drawn by four superb horses and driven by red-coated postillions. Scattered about the ring are gorgeously-attired attendants, male and female, whose magnificence creates the impression that they are associated with some elaborate Court function rather than with a mere Circus, admission to which can be secured by the modest sum of one shilling. This is quite the best thing in circuses since the late Mr. Phineas T. Barnum's Colossal, Stupendous and Moral Aggregation at Olympia some twenty years ago, when Mr. Barnum, with a superb sense of his own importance, opened the proceedings at each performance by driving round the colossal ring in his private carriage, and acknowledging with something like royal dignity the tumultuous applause of the crowd, whether the applause was there or not.

The Big Circus is not, of course, to be compared with Mr. Barnum's Circus, because as that gentleman himself admitted, his was the Biggest. It was called, if I remember rightly, the Greatest Show on Earth, a claim which led a well-known humorist to compliment Mr. Barnum on his modesty in tacitly admitting that there might be greater shows elsewhere. Mr. Barnum's show, however, was admittedly an unwieldy affair, a considerable portion of it consisting of the amusing bluff which is so important an asset in the showman's stock-in-trade. *Per contra* (if you will forgive a little Latin cribbed from the back of the dictionary), the Circus at Earl's Court is more compact; while almost every turn is of quite dazzling excellence. The first item on the occasion of my visit was called "Arabian Whirlwind Revels," and I do not think any more suitable name could be more easily found for it. It was a most successful beginning. The procession of Arabs in their robes representing all the splendours of barbaric colouring was the one thing needful to set off the very correct scarlet and gold of the surrounding attendants. The impression was that of the Arabian Nights and Monte Christo rolled into one; and, as I have never had very much money myself, it gave me great pleasure to feel that on this occasion at least I was absolutely rolling in wealth and luxury to a quite ridiculously excessive extent.

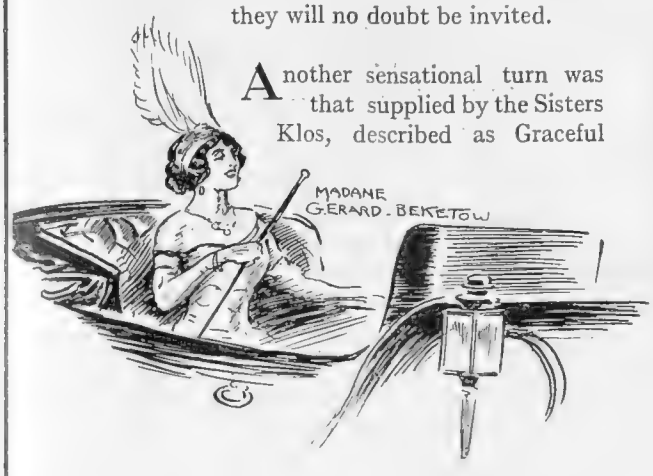


TWO OF THE CHARMING KLOS SISTERS

The Arabs, however, could do more than look brilliant. The first half of their entertainment consisted of the usual performance of making human pyramids—perhaps the influence of their Oriental origin. In this "turn" one of the sturdier of the Arabs supported no fewer than twelve of the company on his shoulders and round his neck and wherever room could be found for hanging on. The last half of the performance consisted of varied somersaulting; and I should doubt whether a more remarkable display of this nature has ever been seen in London. Many of the feats were a revelation to me, and I am not altogether a novice in the world of entertainment. They suggested a life-long study of all the possible variants of human contortion. I believe comment has been made on the circumstance that all the performers in this Circus are of foreign extraction; but I do not think we need deplore the fact that the supply of Britishers who do this sort of thing for a living is very limited. Lord Lytton used to say that the very worst use to which you can put a man

A RING ATTENDANT

is to hang him; and I should think the next worst use must be to make a professional somersaulter of him. This, however, does not lessen the fact that as a raree show the Arabs are quite wonderful. Mr. Morrow likened the moving mass of colour to a kaleidoscope, but as I at once pointed out to him, when comments of any kind from himself are required they will no doubt be invited.



Another sensational turn was that supplied by the Sisters Klos, described as Graceful Gymnasts. The Sisters are three ladies of charming appearance combined with a muscular development that is quite abnormal. The startling feat of their performance was a sort of human horizontal-bar display. One of the Sisters hung head downwards in mid-air, and held her arms out rigidly at right angles, while the other two Sisters, each using one of the arms as a horizontal bar circled it half a dozen times in succession. I do not know whether this Miss Klos is a Suffragette or not, but if by any chance she should be, I should very much like to be in Parliament Square on the day on which a policeman tried to push her off the pavement into the road. If it be true that the element of surprise is the cream of humour, that policeman would have the joke of his life.

The Proserpi Family are described as Amazing Equestrians, and in my opinion very justly so. They drive into the arena in a Russian Troika which, as its name implies is a sledge drawn by three horses; and as they proceed round the arena they sing a jolly kind of melody that makes you regret that you do not understand the language of it. After that they get into the ring and perform a few steps of a dance; but as it is clear that they have not brought their Troika along in order that they may indulge in light frivolity of this kind we await developments expectantly. We do not have to wait long. The Troika and its three horses are started on the trot round the ring and then three of the performers stand on the horses' backs while the rest of the company climb on the riders' shoulders, and seem to do all that is possible to provoke a fatal accident, after which the ladies of the company turn somersaults from the men's shoulders, and the proceedings end in a wildly exciting exit in which the whole company, bunched together on two of the horses gallop out of the arena to loud and prolonged applause.

If there is anything to be said in favour of the antics of "The Grand Charivari of Clowns," it is that they provide the justification that was needed for a modern circus amid the mediæval surroundings of the Tudor period, since so many of their jokes and capers must have been familiar to the public in Shakespeare's time. JINGLE

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS : By "Saki"

No. III.—Mr. Hammerstein and Dom Manoel

[*We have no other authority than that of our contributor that the conversations between the persons in question have actually taken place.*—ED.]

"YOU and I have this much in common," said the purveyor of grand opera, "we are both kings. You are the sometime king of a sometime kingdom, with a seating capacity for about six million souls and emergency exits all along the frontier."

"Don't," said the ex-king, "omit to mention its unseating capacity, which is considerable."

"I," continued the purveyor, "am the king of compulsory grand opera. I supply a long felt, or, at any rate, widely advertised, want. The British public want grand opera, and I want them to want it. I mean them to get it, and to get it through me. I take the risks, and I expect them to take the tickets."

"That's the trouble," said the ex-king, "people may want a thing, but they don't always want to pay for it."

"Understand me, I am not out for money," said the purveyor, earnestly; "at the same time, I've no intention of being permanently out of pocket over the transaction. I'm not one of those people who do good by wealth and blush to find it pay. I want opera-loving people to look on me as a benefactor, a pioneer, the herald of a Happier State of Things, but I want them to do the looking through the port-hole of the box office."

"But supposing they won't?"

"Then they've just got to be made to. Carlyle's age of paper and of hope don't cut any ice with me. As much hope as you please, but no paper in my opera house. Now I've been looking round at the various institutions in this country that are languishing for lack of proper support, and I've set myself to find out what's wrong with them. Grand opera and church-going and county cricket are the most noteworthy examples. Critics say they want brightening and livening and all that sort of thing, but that's not the trouble. No; all these institutions cater conscientiously for the audience, or congregation, or spectators, as the case may be, and give them something to listen to, or think of, or look at, but they are really cold-shouldering them all the time, and that is why the audience, etc., cold-shoulders them in return."

"But everything is done for the spectator nowadays."

"Exactly—done for him. That's not what he wants; he wants to have things done *by* him, to be part of the show himself and to dress the part. It's the tendency of the age. Look at the current epidemic of masques and pageants and revels and hundred-years-ago balls. How many people do you suppose you would get to attend a course of lectures on Tudor England or the Regency period? You wouldn't sell twenty tickets, but half-a-million young men and women would cheerfully dress up as Henry VIII. and Elizabeth and Beau Brummell and Mrs. Jordan. Look at the thousands who flock to the Arts Club Ball at the Albert Hall at two guineas a head, with the additional expense of a costume and nothing to look at but themselves. That's what they want—themselves. Why, my dear young man, how much more personally interesting the revolution that drove you from your throne would have seemed to you if you had fought as a republican insurgent yourself."

"It never occurred to me," said the ex-king; "I'm afraid I looked on the whole thing as a tiresome but necessary prelude to a prolonged vacation. It was done in the name of liberty, but so far as I can see I was the only person who got any liberty out of it. But as regards your theory, I don't see how it would popularise opera. The audience can't all sing."

"They don't all want to sing. And as far as I can make out there are shoals of people who could afford to pay for stalls in my opera house who stay away because they don't want to hear other people sing. That is just where my idea comes in. Give them some personal interest and motive for going. Make it obligatory for everyone to come in the costume of the opera that's being given. There's an idea for you. Just imagine what the house would be like on a *Carmen* night, the mantillas and combs and roses in the hair, the toreador costumes and Spanish uniforms. How the audience would love themselves, and what crowds would gather outside to see them come in. What *éclat*, what advertisement, what receipts! Not of course that I care about the money. And there would be lots of other operas that would be equally popular. For instance, how the young bucks would fancy themselves in the costume of the "Eugene Onégin" period. It is one of the rules of grand opera that the singers are never good-looking, so the bloods in the stalls and boxes could compare themselves favourably with their counterparts on the stage, and then, if a thoroughly mediæval and Slavonic evening was wanted, we could put on Glinka's *Life for the Tsar*. At the end of the season we would give *Les Cloches de Corneville*, in which practically any sort of costume could be worn, and, of course, the expense of actual production would be enormously reduced, as the artists would become quite a secondary consideration. Not that I mind the expense, but one must take the economic bearings of the revolution into consideration, if only for the guidance of others. Can't you imagine some titled dowager saying to another, "Yes, she sings quite well, and her technique is faultless, as far as I'm any judge, but this lace that I'm wearing really belonged to the Queen of Bohemia."

"I say," said Dom Manoel suddenly, "you'd put on *Pique Dame* sometimes, wouldn't you? The music isn't half bad, and there are some awfully jolly Russian guard uniforms, of Catherine II.'s time, in it. If you'd put on the opera I'd be game to put on the uniform every time. Rather."

"I'll make a note of it," said the purveyor.

"By the way," said the ex-king, "what about the operas placed in classical times, in which the characters are supposed to wear next to nothing—just a panther-skin and a garland of ivy? Wouldn't they present rather a problem?"

"A problem that I am quite ready to grapple with," said Mr. Hammerstein. "I should merely have to build a larger opera house." SAKI.

To Ensure Safety at Sea

TESTING THE WATERTIGHT COMPARTMENTS OF "THE IMPERATOR" AT HAMBURG DOCK

To ascertain whether they are really watertight, the watertight compartments of the enormous Hamburg-Amerika liner, "The Imperator," now in course of construction at Hamburg Dock, have successfully undergone the severe test of being filled with water, which was afterwards pumped out again by a steam fire engine. The photograph shows this fire engine, which is the largest on the Continent, being lifted out of the ship by an enormous crane with a lifting power of 200 tons

The Bystander in PARIS

GAMBLING UNDER GOVERNMENT CONTROL

PARIS, like most other places, has been talking pretty considerably about the Rosenthal scandal in New York, but I doubt whether any other place has been quite as surprised at the scandal as Paris has been. For gambling in this country is by no means a criminal offence when it is carried on with comparative honesty. Like the oldest profession in the world, gambling is considered by the French authorities as being of use to the State when it is properly organised. There is an absence of all prudery about the administration of French affairs which sometimes makes one gasp a little, but which is a very interesting study for an Englishman who, from a distance, can see the faults of excessive prudery at home. I am not going to worry you with figures, but has it ever occurred to you how much more money Mr. Lloyd George might raise with how much less annoyance to millions of people if he were to tax gambling of all kinds, instead of worrying you with the absorption of mucilage and threatening you with the loss of your three acres and, for all I know to the contrary, of the cow as well. I have never heard anybody complain yet of the working of the Pari-Mutuel on the French racecourses. The worst that can be said against it is that it is rather a prosaic way of betting, to go to a counter and take tickets as though you were going third class to Asnières. But when the right horse comes in first, and you pocket your money, the poetry of the Pari-Mutuel hits home all right. Then, again, there is no possible dishonesty in the Pari-Mutuel, and many more people bet in France than would bet if horse-racing were not under the direct supervision and patronage of the Government. As I have said, the Government control is very profitable to the country's finances, and one could buy a good many Dreadnoughts out of it in England. The French Government has a very broad mind with regard to what constitutes a watering-place in France, but watering-places are allowed casinos, where gambling is permitted, and the Government pockets an enormous annual sum from these. To give you an idea of the breadth of the Governmental mind on this subject, I may mention Enghien-les-Bains. Enghien is a ten minutes' journey from the Gare du Nord, and the "bains" consist of a spring of water with a taste of very ancient eggs in it. Even this antiquity has a way of drying up in summer, but the casino doesn't dry up. From June to September the Casino has as fashionable a crowd as Monte Carlo in the season, and if the French Government were suddenly to become highly moral about it, they would be a huge annual sum out of pocket.

An Absence of Prudery

FILIAL CARE

"And your mother—what have you done with her?"
"We got the doctor to make her take the baths"

(By FABIANO)

The Advantages of a Tax

AND you know that in France the hospitals don't have to cadge for subscriptions. The casinos and racecourses support them and other charities. Of course, I wouldn't interfere with the Nonconformist conscience for worlds, but when I think how simply these things are managed here in France, and how profitable the tax on gambling is to the common weal, I can't help thinking that Messrs. Lloyd George and Co. are doing the unpractical thing when they raid gamblers' haunts instead of taxing them. The gamblers wouldn't mind being taxed a bit, and wouldn't gamble any less because they were taxed. Nor do they gamble much less because they are raided, do they? The tax would bring in lots of money, which could be put to useful purposes, and directly gambling became legal it would not be any more sinful than buying Consols. I don't, of course, suggest that it would be any less expensive. And mind you, I do think that it is a little bit ridiculous in this age of enlightenment for British law to be so Bounderbyish with regard to gambling of all kinds. As gambling does exist in all forms, why should the law shut its eyes to it, and refuse to recognise its existence? It seems to me that if people would free themselves for a moment from the prejudice of old ideas, and realise that gambling is as

Pour la Charité

FAIR FEMININE—(AND ASININE)—AID FOR THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

The photograph is of two well-known Parisian *charmeuses*, Mlles. de Lévis-Mirepoix and Amelot, and was taken at the recent Charity fete organised by the Marquise de Ségur at the Château de Villiers. On the back of the donkey are flowers and cherries

much a fact as murder or marriage, the law might be amended to advantage. An old French doctor told me once that the law of Great Britain was accountable for more preventable disease than had ever existed in Paris. This did not refer to gambling, but to something else which we agree to leave unmentioned. The remark, though, is worth consideration. It gave me furiously to think. I wonder how many deaths from hydrophobia there would be a year if the law had refused to control undesirable dogs.

A Novelty in Surgery

And, talking of doctors, a delightful French surgeon announces that he has discovered a method for killing the stage-fright to which politicians and other play-actors are liable. I never knew it before, but Dr. Pierre Bonnier tells me that when I break down in a speech after dinner I am suffering from agoraphobia. He cures agoraphobia, he tells me, with its palpitations, its sudden pallor, redness in the face and amnesia, its stuttering, and trembling, by the removal by cauterisation of a little gland in the nose. He says that he has cured numbers of people of stage-fright by the operation, so here's his health. And now I suppose some other doctor will come along and put Dr. Pierre Bonnier's cauterised nose out of joint with a longer word than agoraphobia. But there, it's summer, isn't it, and we can't all see sea serpents? John N. Raphael

SPAS IN SPASMS

The Berlin Bystander has just been to Karlsbad for his dyspepsia, to Ems for his throat, and to Marienbad for his unæsthetic paunch. To-morrow he is going to Vichy for his gout. His next week's programme is Kissingen, Bad Gastein, and Soden for three other ailments; and he may end up at Buxton. The amount of travelling seems tremendous; but the cures are worth it. The fact is, inventive Germany has made it possible to visit in a single morning all these regenerating places, and to come back for lunch fully cured.

An Enterprising Suburb

The enterprising suburb Schoeneberg lately opened near the Berlin Bystander's home a handsome municipal park. Two years ago this park was an ugly sand flat, strewn with odd boots, rusty kettles, and bits of the *Lokal-Anzeiger*. To-day it is the prettiest place in Berlin. On the sand-flat rise artificial hills; there is an artificial river and an artificial lake; there are even artificial trees (that is, big trees transplanted and stayed with wires). Everything is done in the synthetic German way. And this spring some municipal genius suggested: "Let us have an artificial spa, a *Kurort*, which will rival Karlsbad, or Ems, or Marienbad, or Vichy, or Bad Gastein."

A Merry Crowd

The wise men of Schoeneberg resolved to have not one spa, but a conglomerate, universal spa. So they erected a pavilion, and stocked it with all the waters of all the spas. The waters are guaranteed to be of right composition and natural temperature. The organisation is flawless. Every visitor (*Kurgast*) gets a ticket of identification, which he produces every day; and he has his own numbered tumbler, so that he will not catch the contagion of some other sufferer's corpulence or weak heart. Everything is hygienic, German, and just. And every morning from seven until nine the *Kurgaeste* assemble, about twenty sickly individuals, all extremely fat or extremely lean, catarrhal, rheumatic, short-breathed, arthritic, and hoarse, parade before the pavilion, and talk about chalk-stones, empyema, rheumatic gout, Bright's disease, and death from apoplexy. It is a merry crowd.

Spa-Mania

You can also undergo the Yoghurt, mares' milk, and *other* cures, and imagine yourself at Orenburg, on the brink of Asia, following Metchnikoff's counsel to live to a hundred. The worst of this sort of spa is its infectious facility. It creates diseases of its own, a sort of spasmodic spa-mania. The Berlin Bystander immediately

AN AMPHIBIOUS GERMAN TRAM

Apart doubtless from numerous other attractions to recommend it to visitors (spies and yachting parties excepted), Langeoog, a small North Sea island in the German Empire, is unique in possessing a tramway which is invariably and essentially at sea. The tramway has been constructed to convey tourists from the mainland to the island when the tide is low

fancied he had a dozen ailments; and as the morning was frightfully hot, he drank Ems, Vichy, and from two Karlsbad springs. He then tried some Wildunger. And this led to a remarkable scene.

A Healthy Man

The other sufferers began to look at him first with surprise, and then with sympathy. They reasoned that he must have many diseases. A crippled ancient tottered up to the Berlin Bystander, patted him on the back, and said consolingly, "Stick to the *Kur*. You'll get well. When I was your age I had gout, heart-disease, cronic dyspepsia, Bright's disease, and enlargement of the spleen. But I went to all the spas in succession; and now I'm a healthy man. That is, I've got rid of everything except the gout, the dyspepsia, and the Bright's disease. Don't l— heart!"

Too Risky

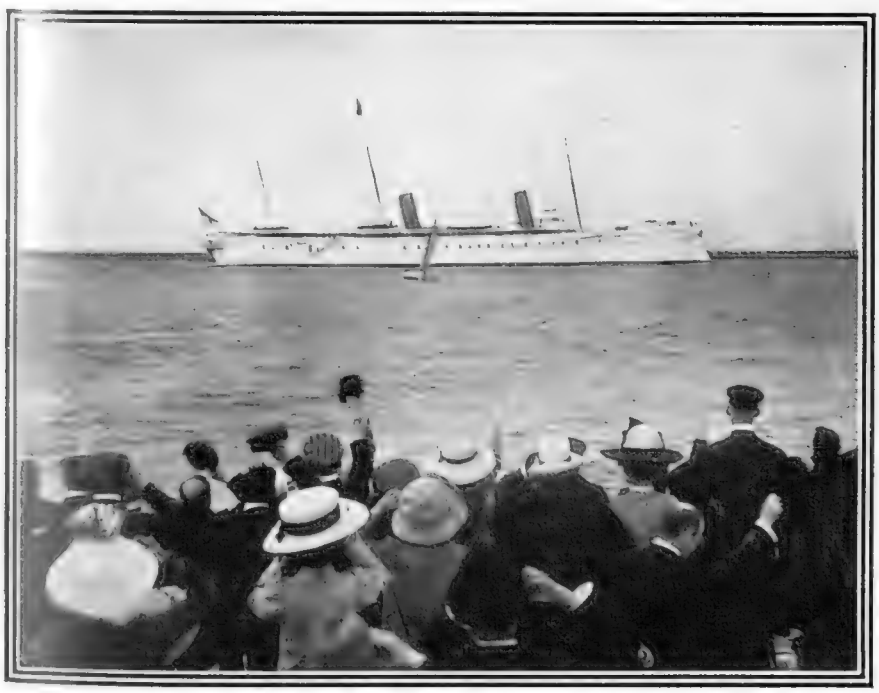
This morning when the Berlin Bystander arrived and ordered some Weilbacher the gloomiest looks were turned upon him. "He gets worse," people murmured. "Every day a new ailment." And the nice-looking girl who pours out the water shook her head. She couldn't change a hundred mark note: and she refused to let the Berlin Bystander have his Weilbacher on credit. "It's too risky," she said. Naturally she didn't mean to hurt; but the Berlin Bystander could read in her blue Pomeranian eyes the prescient reflection: "Suppose he dies before to-morrow, who will pay for his drinks?"

Why Not?

Why shouldn't Hyde Park and Primrose Hill be turned into spas, spouting out Ems, Vichy, Marienbad, Wildunger and whiskey-and-soda? Why shouldn't the Commons Kitchen Committee start a spa on the Terrace? Spouting after all. . . . But the Berlin Bystander is off by 'bus to Bad-Nauheim, Schoeneberg. His heart's been troubling him of late.

FURTHER PICTORIAL PROOF OF—

The Kaiser photographed at Swinemunde upon his return from his Norwegian cruise. We hope that the determined look in the Kaiser's eye does not portend too great an increase in the next war estimates



—THE KAISER'S POPULARITY

The arrival of the "Hohenzollern," with the Kaiser on board, amid the enthusiastic cheers of dutiful Teutons

The Kaiser's Holiday

"The Kaiser's idea of a restful holiday," writes a correspondent who has just returned from a cruise in Norwegian waters, "was characteristically illustrated by the visit he paid recently to Balholm, on the beautiful Sognefjord. Hardly had the *Hohenzollern* cast anchor in the shadow of the mighty rocks of the Esefjord than the cable was brought on shore from the Imperial yacht and connected with the telegraph office on shore so that the Fatherland should not feel neglected. Shortly afterwards the Kaiser landed and took a personal hand in modelling the statue which is to be erected to King Bele, in which proceeding he was observed (and snapshotted) by the assembled tourists. The same afternoon he drove off with a brace of Professors to Vangnaes, where the great Frithjof statue is to be erected, and finally hurried to a garden-party."

Tecla Gems

Tecla Pearls and Real Diamonds

LONDON
7 Old Bond Street

PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix

Tecla

VIENNA
2 Kärnthnerstrasse

BERLIN
15 Unter den Linden

NO OTHER BRANCHES OR AGENTS IN EUROPE

The Japanese Stare

AN EMBARRASSMENT WHICH EVER HAUNTS THE TOURIST

GENERAL VIEW OF THE "JAPANESE STARE"

SOME years ago THE BYSTANDER called attention—to the intense annoyance of the natives—to the "Norwegian stare," which followed him about wherever he went in the western part of Scandinavia. Now it is our painful duty to accuse the natives of friendly and allied Japan of the self-same habit. Our photographs show the "Japanese stare" in full working order. The only thing we can say in extenuation of it is that Japanese eyes (especially feminine ones) know how to stare prettily.

CHARMING STARES FROM A RICKSHAW

WISTFUL STARES FROM "LITTLE MOTHERS" AT KAMAKURA

AS EXPECTED TO BE

A "BYSTANDER" ARTIST'S DEPRESSING COM

THE OPERA AS HE ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD IT TO BE

TEA-TIME IN KENSINGTON GARDENS AS DEPICTED BY THE FASHIONABLE ARTIST

ON THE SANDS AT FROUVILLE-SUR-MER (ACCORDING TO THE FRENCH ILLUSTRATED PAPERS)

AND AS DISCOVERED

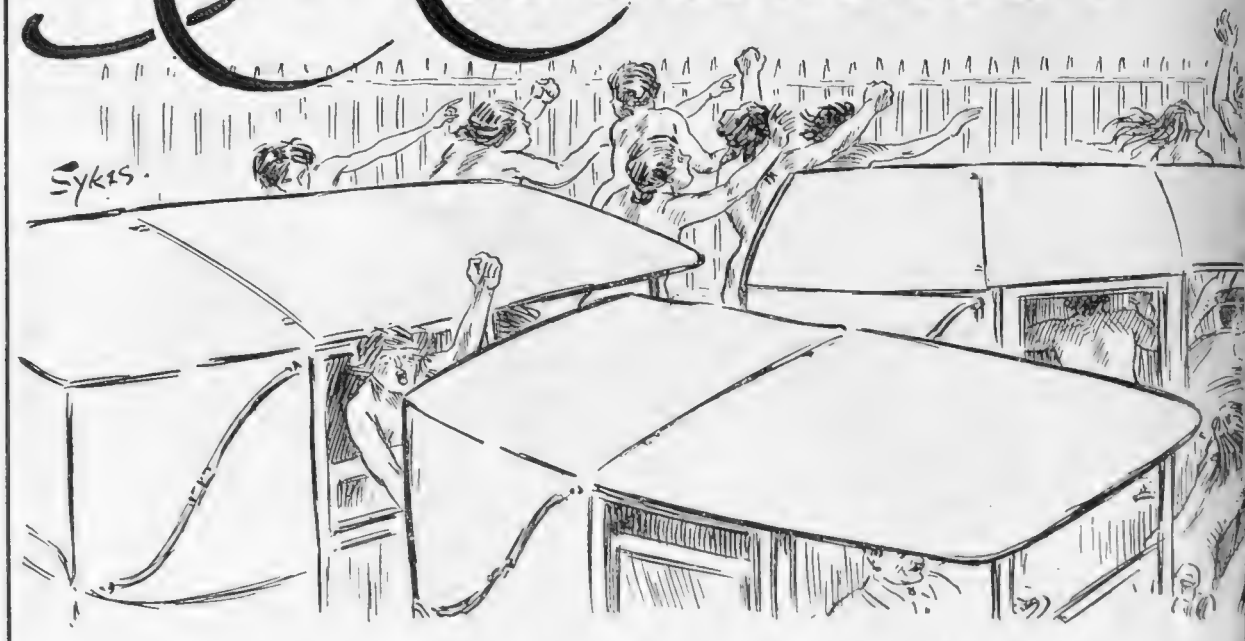
NTARIES ON PLACES AND THEIR PATRONS

AND AS IT SEEMED TO BE THE NIGHT HE HAPPENED TO BE THERE

—AND AS IT IMPRESSED ITSELF ON THIS ARTIST'S MIND

AND AS IT APPEARED TO BE ON THE OCCASION OF HIS OWN VISIT

Midsummer



THE LATEST SUFFRAGIST MANŒUVRE:

THE Deputy Commissioner of Police looked puzzled. His eyes wandered round his handsome apartment at Scotland Yard, decorated with mementos of forgotten crimes, and having made a complete circuit of the room without finding anything to arrest them, they returned to the gloomy face of Superintendent MacMurphy.

"I'm afraid it's nerves, MacMurphy," he remarked; "you've been so long associated with riotous Suffragists that it has affected your judgment. You say that you fear another outrage. What have you to go on?"

"Intuition, sir," was the superintendent's reply.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Deputy-Commissioner. "That proves it. Intuition is as feminine as—as hysteria or petticoats. You've given yourself away, MacMurphy—given yourself away completely!" The Deputy-Commissioner leant back in his chair and puffed comfortably at his cigar.

Superintendent MacMurphy sat unperturbed by his chief's ridicule. "I hope, sir, that you are right; but I still hold to my view. They're up to something, and it's something big—I'm convinced of that. I've been long at the game, sir, as you say; and perhaps I've become a bit nervy; but there's something brewing, or I'm——"

"But what? That's the question."

"I don't know, sir; but I beg of you to have plenty of plain-clothes men about to give the alarm, and also to keep large reserves of men at Vine Street and Cannon Row."

There was an air of such solemnity and conviction about the Superintendent's words that the Deputy-Commissioner was obviously impressed.

"Very well, MacMurphy; I'll see that it's done. I'll give the order to-morrow."

At that moment Detective-Inspector Gregson entered, and handed to MacMurphy a memorandum. The Superintendent read it slowly and deliberately, then turning to the Deputy-Commissioner, he said:—

"This is from Smith, sir. He sends it from the Suffragists' meeting now being held at the London Pavilion. Mrs. Garbiter has just said, 'We are about to adopt a course—*weather permitting, remember*—(laughter and applause) that will astonish the whole civilised world. You are all ready? (Thunders of applause and cries of 'We are.') Well, keep our secret, and London will receive a shock such as it has never even dreamed of.'"

The Deputy-Commissioner gazed at his subordinate gravely.

"You seem to be right, MacMurphy. I'll see about those plain-clothes men and reserves. Let's see, to-morrow will be the 21st. We'll begin on the 22nd."

"Thank you, sir. Good morning." And Superintendent MacMurphy retired with clouded brow. "I'd give a sovereign to know the meaning of that '*weather permitting*,'" he growled. "They don't generally wait for weather. It's something big, I'll swear." And he swore profanely and profoundly.

. . . . . .

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Vezon Priory, K.C.B., decided that, as the day was so delightfully fine, he would walk across from his flat in Queen Anne's Mansions to the Cavalry Club in Piccadilly. As he was crossing the bridge over the ornamental water in St. James's Park, he was overtaken by his old friend and brother officer Major Gere.

"How'll this do for the great Day, Priory?" enquired the Major. "Hot enough, eh? Seventy-eight at nine o'clock this morning."

Chatting together, they strolled across the Parks.

"Devilish lot of traffic about," observed Sir Vezon.

(All rights strictly reserved)

Madness

Piccadilly was full of women, women without a vestige of clothing upon them. Every vehicle seemed to disgorge naked women, all shrieking at the top of their voices, "Votes for Women"

HOW IT WAS FRUSTRATED

As he gazed at the long line of taxis, broughams, closed carriages and private omnibuses that blocked Piccadilly.

"Nearly all women in 'em," remarked Gere. "By Jove, it looks like another Suffragette affair. We'd better ring up Scotland Yard," and he chuckled at his joke.

They managed to pierce the mass of vehicles opposite their club. Gere looked at his watch, it was just noon. When on the topmost step of the club they turned to look at the densely-blocked roadway, and at that moment an extraordinary commotion arose. Shrieks of "Votes for Women" came from everywhere. Each vehicle, be it 'bus, taxi, or brougham, seemed to emit the strange shrill cry. Sir Vezon rubbed his eyes. Was he mad? Was he dreaming? Was that really a naked leg he saw protruding from the open door of a taxi?

"Good God!" he exclaimed, as the leg was followed by an equally naked body. It was a woman, and she was paying the driver, actually paying the driver as if to be without clothes were the most ordinary thing in the world!

He heard a gasp from his friend Gere. In turning to him he saw other unclothed women, some paying their fares, some standing still, others running hither and thither. All were shrieking "Votes for Women."

Piccadilly was full of women, women without a vestige of clothing upon them. Every vehicle seemed to disgorge naked women, all shrieking at the top of their voices, "Votes for Women."

Apparently they had a definite purpose in view. A crowd of them collected outside the Cavalry Club; other groups were to be seen in front of the Bachelors' and Junior Athenæum Clubs.

"Gere!" It was Sir Vezon who spoke, who shrieked it might almost be said. The nearest woman had made a sudden rush at the two veterans. Instinctively they bolted precipitately into the building, the women after them. Surrounded by a throng of shrieking, undraped females, they burst into the smoking room, making the most dramatic and astonishing entry in the history of an historic club.

The same scene was being enacted in every man's club in London—White's, Boodle's, the St. James's, the Reform, the Constitutional, the National Liberal. Everywhere hordes of naked women were forcing their way in, past the astonished club servants. Members fled precipitately from these compromising, these appalling females; but there was no spot free from them. Like a pest of locusts they penetrated everywhere, from the Secretary's office to the kitchens and sculleries.

The scene at the Athenæum Club, that spot sacred to the male sex, which women's feet had never yet profaned, was one never to be forgotten. Dr. John Dexter Ampho, C.B., Regius Professor of Feminine Psychology at Oxford, and well known as a most pronounced misogynist, was just passing out of the reading-room, when three pink, bifurcated things flashed past him, shouting something which at the time he did not comprehend.

"Women!" His cry resembled the wail of a lost soul. He turned and rushed blindly back into the reading-room, cannoning violently against the Rev. Wellbone Radtish, D.D., the celebrated Hebrew scholar. Dr. Radtish regarded his assailant with speechless horror. Such things are heinous offences at the Athenæum.

"Women, naked women!" gasped Dr. Ampho. "Three of them!" And he fled, mumbling incoherently, into the furthermost corner of the room.

"Drunk," was Dr. Radtish's half-audible comment. He was speculating as to whether his complaint should be made at once to the secretary, or in writing to the

committee, when he heard a shriek, which caused him to turn quickly.

"A woman!" he gasped.

"There rose, like Venus from the waves, one of the pink atrocities from which he fled"

A moment later he appreciated the irony of his remark as a stream of unclothed females flowed into the reading-room.

"Votes for Women!" they screamed, as they brushed aside those tottering bodies that supported some of the most magnificent brains in the country. "Votes for Women!"

The Regius Professor of Feminine Psychology at Oxford ran screaming from the room and locked himself in a bathroom, only to find that actually from the bath itself there rose, like Venus from the waves, one of the pink atrocities from which he fled.

In the street women streamed up from everywhere in taxis, cabs, carriages, and 'buses. Cloaks were thrown aside, and they appeared as Nature originally intended they should. There were tall thin women and short thin women, tall stout women and short stout women, old women and young women, women yellow with age or jaundice, women rendered pink by the sun's rays or by shame.

The only remarkable thing was that there were no pretty or attractive women. The organisers of the affair had seen to that. The plan had been to compromise and embarrass, horrify and stagger the men who refused to women the right to vote.

The police were impotent. They dodged in and out among the traffic, but even when they caught a woman they found it impossible to hold her, for her every limb was thoroughly oiled, and she glided from their touch.

"They're as slippery as dacoits," puffed one Indian veteran, as he mopped his brow.

Here and there a coatless policeman testified to a capture and to the chivalrous clothing of nakedness. As the day advanced the cells of the police-stations began to fill.

It was not the clubs alone that received attention. Every restaurant in the West End was victimised. Scores of nude figures literally slipped past the commissionaires or footmen, quietly seated themselves at tables, and with perfect self-possession ordered lunch or tea. Each, from force of circumstances, carried money in her hand—and tendered payment with the order, at the same time uttering a warning that if they were refused or molested they would prosecute. At the Ritz an attempt was made to remove the objectionable patrons, but after half the tables had been wrecked in the struggle it was decided that they must be permitted to remain. The result was that no one save a few *bons viveurs* lunched in town on that Midsummer Day. Parties arrived at various fashionable restaurants, but at the strange sight of unclothed females quietly eating at the tables that had been reserved for themselves, they retired in confusion. Several of the older ladies, those whose morals were tainted with mid-Victorian prejudice, fainted outright.

"They're as slippery as dacoits," puffed one Indian veteran

The loss to the hotels and restaurants alone represented thousands of pounds, and so long as these creatures continued to outrage all decency the managers knew that their patrons would take their meals in their own dining-rooms. The tragedy of it was that the supply of nude women seemed inexhaustible. They continued to arrive from the suburbs, the provinces, everywhere.

Perhaps the worst shock of all was reserved for the Prime Minister, who was giving a small luncheon party. Just as the Bishop of Pipchester was expressing his warm appreciation of the delicacy of an age which could keep its cinematograph shows so absolutely free from coarseness, three females quite destitute of clothing entered the dining-room, their hair unconfined and shouting their battle-cry, "Votes for Women." It afterwards turned out that they were members of the Prime Minister's own domestic staff, and had been bought over by the Suffragists. The men-servants made ineffectual dives at the culprits, who careered round the room like

"Wait and see," replied the Prime Minister, absent-mindedly

uries. The condition of the Bishop of Pipchester was indescribable.

"What—what shall we d-d-do?" he enquired, piteously.

"Wait and see," replied the Prime Minister, absent-mindedly, as he regarded with horrified interest the efforts of his servants to capture the three pink forms that dodged and flitted about like will-o'-the-wisps.

Scotland Yard was a place of command and countermand. Nobody knew exactly what it was necessary to do to arrest slippery women, to whom clothes had suddenly become anathema. Resin, Fuller's earth, and French chalk were suggested as aid to the obtaining of a proper hold, but they were abandoned almost as quickly as thought of.

The Deputy-Commissioner was at his wits' end to know what to do. The stream of nude females seemed endless. There was scarcely a hotel in London that had not contributed its quota. The beautiful beings at Claridge's, the Ritz, and the Carlton, who relieve patrons of their hats and coats stared in well-bred but speechless astonishment as they saw pink and shameless forms descending the grand staircases and passing out into the street. No attempt had been made to stop them. No one knew whether he were awake or dreaming. At first the man in the street laughed, then he jeered, finally his whole soul became filled with disgust at the exhibition he saw around him.

Another complication arose over the deluge of cloaks, boots, shoes, and other feminine garments that continued to flood the lost property office. The later detachments of women were more elaborately dressed, in order to divert suspicion, consequently the number of garments left in the taxis was greater. Each article of clothing bore a tag giving the name and address of its owner in order to facilitate restitution. Eventually a policeman, in a moment of inspiration, suggested that the superfluous clothing should be distributed amongst the various police-stations in order to release the strain upon the wardrobes of the men. He was promoted on the spot.

As the day advanced the police became more expert in their strange game of catch-as-catch-can. By six o'clock there was not a vacant spot in any of the police-stations. Even the charge-rooms were packed with women seeking to divest themselves of policeman's overcoats, capes, spare shirts and trousers. There seemed to be every likelihood of the force itself being reduced to the same state as the women it was compelled to arrest.

Drafts of men had been sent to the various clubs, but very little could be done. The frenzied creatures clung to every piece of furniture, door, rail or pillar they came near, and being so extremely difficult to hold on account of their anointed bodies, it was eventually decided to herd them together in one room. There they kept up a frenzied clamour, crying aloud for votes to the portraits of the famous men who gazed down upon them from the walls.

Feeling that it was impossible to allow the captives to remain all night at the police-stations, the Deputy-Commissioner arranged for them to be conveyed in police vans, pantechnicons, and motor 'buses (with windows whitewashed) to the New Opera House in Kingsway, where they were to spend the night. He had received definite instructions that somehow or other the women must be persuaded to return to their homes, as the Government did not wish to charge them. The Deputy-Commissioner looked grave and worried as he sat talking with Superintendent MacMurphy. Something must be done, but what?

. . . . . .

That night when the crowds flocked out of the theatres in the neighbourhood of the New Opera House, it was to find the place was in a state of siege. Large bodies of police guarded every theatre entrance and exit, and inspectors advised the people to get home as quickly as possible. All traffic was diverted to the Embankment. From the terrible babel of shouts and cries, accompanied by pistol-shots, and the glare of torches, it would appear that some terrible tragedy was being enacted in the very heart of London.

Kingsway was in a state of revolution. Great masses of men surged to and fro, shouting hoarse, inarticulate cries.

"Death to the devils! Down with the ——. Death to women."

Scores of torches threw their glare upon the hundreds of savage, upturned faces that clustered round the Opera House. Murder was in their eyes and revolution in their hearts. It was the hour of the male asserting himself. Here and there among the mass a pike was to be seen bearing its ghastly trophy of violence and hatred, actually the head of a woman dripping with blood!

Round the entrance to the Opera House large bodies of police, horse and foot, were apparently fighting for the lives of the captives within. Was it revolution? The women quailed before the threats of death that they heard from without. They had never conceived it possible that the populace would turn upon them. They listened, terrified, to the babel of cries, enquired of their protectors what it meant, and a great fear entered their hearts. If only they could escape!

From the exits on the other side of the building taxis and omnibuses were soon carrying off the bewildered creatures in scores. Every one was now eager to reach home alive. If they hesitated there were always the calls for blood from without to urge them to greater haste.

By two o'clock the last woman had left the Opera House, and a rocket rose from the roof. The crowd seemed to dwindle away as do crowds in a dream. The police also disappeared, and soon only a small group of men was left in the vestibule of the Opera House.

"MacMurphy," said one, in a voice that was strangely like that of the Deputy-Commissioner, "I'll not forget this night. It's the first time in the history of the force that plain-clothes men have taken the parts of rioters and revolutionaries. I hope the auditors will pass the charge for old wax heads from Madame Tussaud's and the horse we had to kill to get the blood. I'll not forget, MacMurphy, that the idea was yours. Good night."

THE END

Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

MAKING A SPLASH

Otherwise, a jolly party of bathers at Sandown, Isle of Wight, helping to compose photographic studies for the perennial snapshottist

"Bella Donna"—for Provincial Eyes

MISS HILDA MOORE

Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppé

A photographic study of the young actress who will play in "Bella Donna" on tour the rôle created by Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the St. James's Theatre. Miss Moore has recently been playing in the sketch "Fancy Free" at the Tivoli, and has been successful in parts allotted to her by Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's

The "Twelfth" on the Moors

HIGH PRICES AND JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE

Prospects and Prices

As I pen these lines the opening day of the shooting season is still to come. But by the time they appear in print the day will have come and passed, and we shall by then know whether my forecast as to the chances of sport has been realised. My forecast was that sport would be remarkably good this year, and that it will rank with the best years. Nowadays it is a great relief to find how little disease there is among birds, and this happy state has come about simply through exercising a little care and trouble in looking after the moors. This means seeing that they are decently drained, so that the surface water gets away; burning the old heather, so that nice young tender shoots may come up. There are other things that contribute to the welfare of moors, which keepers have recently learnt and attend to now, and so long as they do their work thoroughly and take care of their birds disease will never show itself much. The rents of moors keep up in price, and it would seem that no matter whether times are good or the reverse tenants can always be found ready to pay at the rate of £1 per brace of birds to be shot. By this I mean it is usual to estimate the price of a moor by the head of birds estimated to be shot. Thus a moor on which a thousand brace is to be obtained the price asked would probably be a thousand pounds. This generally includes a house or lodge and keepers. In this way, owing to lettings of shootings and fishings and sport generally, I believe between two and three millions sterling is circulated in Scotland alone.

Reporters Please Note

Reverting again to sport on the opening day, we shall all see in our morning paper of the 13th the more or less accurate reports of doings on the 12th. We all know these reports by heart, for we are invariably told how on the 11th the termini of London were crowded with sportsmen and dogs, all making frantically for the North. We shall hear of relays of trains taking hundreds to every part of the kingdom where a solitary grouse exists, and this will naturally form very interesting reading! Next, we shall be informed what the weather was like, and how ardent sportsmen were up and out first thing (at sunrise I presume), and then let us hope we shall be cheered by being told how the "crack of the rifle" was heard. We shall also read with excitement how keepers on the Balmoral Estate sent an early consignment of birds for his Majesty's table, and, lastly, we shall know that birds fetched 9*s*. or 10*s*. a brace in the market. Now, all this may be, I repeat, very interesting to some people, but who these people are heaven alone knows and cares. Why not try a change this season, and let us suggest a full description of what clothes Lord Algy or Mr. Spifkins wore, and who made them. Their boots, collars, shirts, ties, and studs could all be added, each with the maker's name. This would be an excellent advertisement for both Lord Algy, Mr. Spifkins, and their tradesmen, and I really think the idea worthy of very serious consideration both as an item of news and for advertisement. Then the names of the party, and which lady sat in which gentleman's butt, what she wore, and what they said to each other, and a full account (duly manufactured by the clever journalist) of the animated conversation which was kept up all through each drive.

A Word to Ladies

Just a word for ladies only to read. There is a small but very important matter which I hope you ladies who intend accompanying us mere men to the moors and into the butts will remember. Grouse are, after all, living creatures, and they, strangely enough, can both hear and see. In this respect it is well for you not to don garments, and especially headgear, which are conspicuous. Grouse can easily detect strange objects. I do not mean dear ladies, that you yourselves are strange objects, far from it. But if birds see a gaudy hat sticking over the top of a butt, and probably moving continuously about, you must not be surprised if they suddenly twist away and so rob the shooter of his longed-for shot. Likewise, pray let me counsel strict silence when in a butt, for grouse are silly enough even to have ears, which are pretty sharp. So like nice, good-natured ladies, and just to indulge us men, and help sport a little, please sit down well out of sight and out of your man's and his loader's way. And I beg you do not do anything to detract his attention.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

THE WAY TO THE NORTH. BY W. TOURAINE

Timely Advice for Careless Sportsmen

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY OF HANDLING A GUN WHEN OUT SHOOTING

Photograph *Sport and General*

EXPLANATION OF PHOTOGRAPHS

(1) A comfortable and safe way of carrying two loaded guns. (2) Always unload before negotiating a gate, fence, or style. (3) Wrong and dangerous way of carrying loaded guns. (4) Three sportsmen and one fool; novices are apt to walk continually pointing the gun in all directions on the "qui vive" for birds. (5) The right way to climb a gate, fence, or style with unloaded gun. (6) The way NOT to climb a gate, fence, or style—a stupid and dangerous method very often seen of climbing a gate with loaded gun. (7) The correct way to load. (8) The correct way to change guns. (9) The wrong way of carrying guns; four sportsmen who are all in danger. The front man's gun points to three behind, second man has front man covered, third man is trying to kill himself, and last man may perforate any of the three in front

The PLACE and Its PASTIMES

No. 10. Cheltenham

By Leonard Willoughby

CHELTENHAM: AS SEEN FROM THE QUEEN'S HOTEL

The bowling greens and Town Hall are in the foreground, while in the distance are discernable the Cotswolds

I ALWAYS think Cheltonians are especially well off for sports and games. Cheltenham is a very charming residential town, lying in the centre of the horseshoe formed by the famous Cotswolds. Over these at times wind-swept hills, and down through the vale, the Cotswold hounds show rare good sport. Messrs. Lord and Beacham have succeeded in getting together a pack of useful hard-working hounds which for nose, drive and tongue are hard to beat. Steeplechasing at Cheltenham is very much to the front, and the town is to be congratulated on having so fine a course. The Race Club has expended no end of money in perfecting the course—a four-mile one—and now it is second only to the Aintree. In the centre is the polo ground, which is considered one of the very best in England. It is fully boarded, and the turf is excellent.

Photograph *Cheltenham Newspaper Co.*

STEEPLECHASING: ENTERING THE STRAIGHT FOR HOME

On the famous Cheltenham four-mile course

A FEW CHELTENHAM MARKSWOMEN BELONGING TO THE LADIES' RIFLE CLUB

Colonel Sturgess (centre) is President, and under his guidance the club has been most successful, winning last season no less than eighteen out of twenty-two matches

The club was started in 1898. Cricket is a strong feature here, and many of the county players such as Jessop, Wrathall, Paish, Parker, Barnett, and Mills owe their present position in the cricket world to the Cheltenham club. The Cheltenham Cricket Week is from August 12 to 21. This year Kent, the Australians and Surrey are the visitors. Though at this time the town is practically empty of its own inhabitants, it, nevertheless, fills up with cricket enthusiasts from almost everywhere. Football is represented by a strong Rugger team, which includes such names as Leslie Hayward, Frank Champain, Davy, G. T. Unwin, the

ARCHERY IN PROGRESS

The Archery Club was founded in 1857, and is the strongest in England, having lost in the county contests on two occasions only. The grounds devoted to this pastime are the Montpellier Gardens, where, it is interesting to note, the Grand National Meeting is being held this year

Sports That are Popular in Cheltenham

LAWN TENNIS: A MATCH BETWEEN CHELTENHAM AND PERSHORE

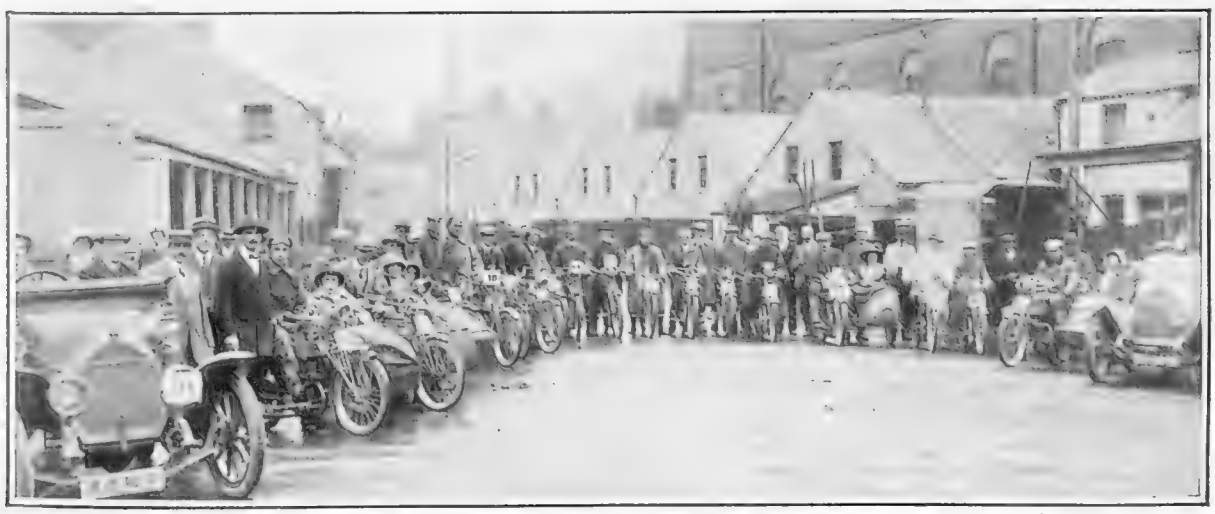
Lawn tennis appeals to a large number of residents. The game is played on the East Gloucestershire Ground, where there are three good courts

THE POLO TEAM ON THE PRESTBURY GROUND

This sport has many followers in Cheltenham and district. The polo ground is in the centre of the steeplechase course. Our photograph shows the captain of the Polo Club (second from left), Mr. J. McClymont Read, and Mr. E. M. Mumby, hon. sec. (extreme right)

THE CHELTENHAM CRICKET ELEVEN

A strong team which plays surrounding clubs. The figure in straw hat is the popular Mayor, Mr. C. H. Margrett, J.P., who is holding office for the third time in succession. He is a keen cricketer and has captained the club for five years



SOME MEMBERS OF THE MOTOR CYCLISTS' CLUB

Motor cycling is popular with quite a number of Cheltonians. The above photograph was taken on the occasion of the club meet recently at the Queen's Hotel during the reliability trial for the Manville Trophy

Cheltenham and Its Pastimes—concluded

Photographs

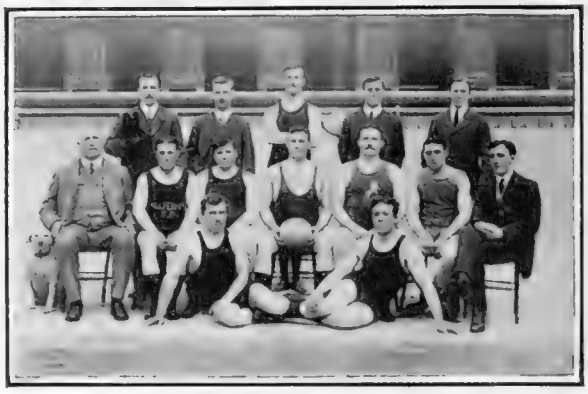
A RUGGER MATCH

Between Cheltenham and Lennox. The Cheltenham Football Club plays some of the strongest teams in the country

Cheltenham Newspaper Co.

A HOCKEY MATCH

Between Cheltenham and Marlborough Colleges. Our photograph depicts a grand run by a Marlborough forward



Photograph *C. & F. Baldwin*

SWIMMING

Has quite a representative number of supporters. The Swimming Club, some members of which are seen above, runs two water-polo teams

old international halfback. Golf is played on Cleeve Hill, the summit of the Cotswolds, where there is a fine eighteen-hole course, with good turf and greens, natural bunkers of quarries and roads. Archery has made the name of Cheltenham famous, as it is the Vice-President, has been a great benefactor to the club, of which Commander Smythies, R.N., is an efficient hon. secretary. Swimming is popular, and the club includes Mr. H. W. Harris, who represented in water-polo the county from 1901 - 1910. The club

GOLF ON THE CLEEVE HILL COURSE

Gen. Cunningham (the captain of the Golf Club) and Capt. Walsh, R.N. (putting), playing a match. The view from the links is superb, extending over six counties

SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE CROQUET CLUB

Whose ground is at Charlton Park. The ten excellent courts were laid nine years ago

strongest ladies' club in England, and has always supplied the lady champion. Croquet is played on the beautiful ground at Charlton Park, where there are ten courts in ideal surroundings. A tournament is held on July 22 and following days, and this is one of the important meetings of the croquet world. The game is very popular here, and Captain Lock, the

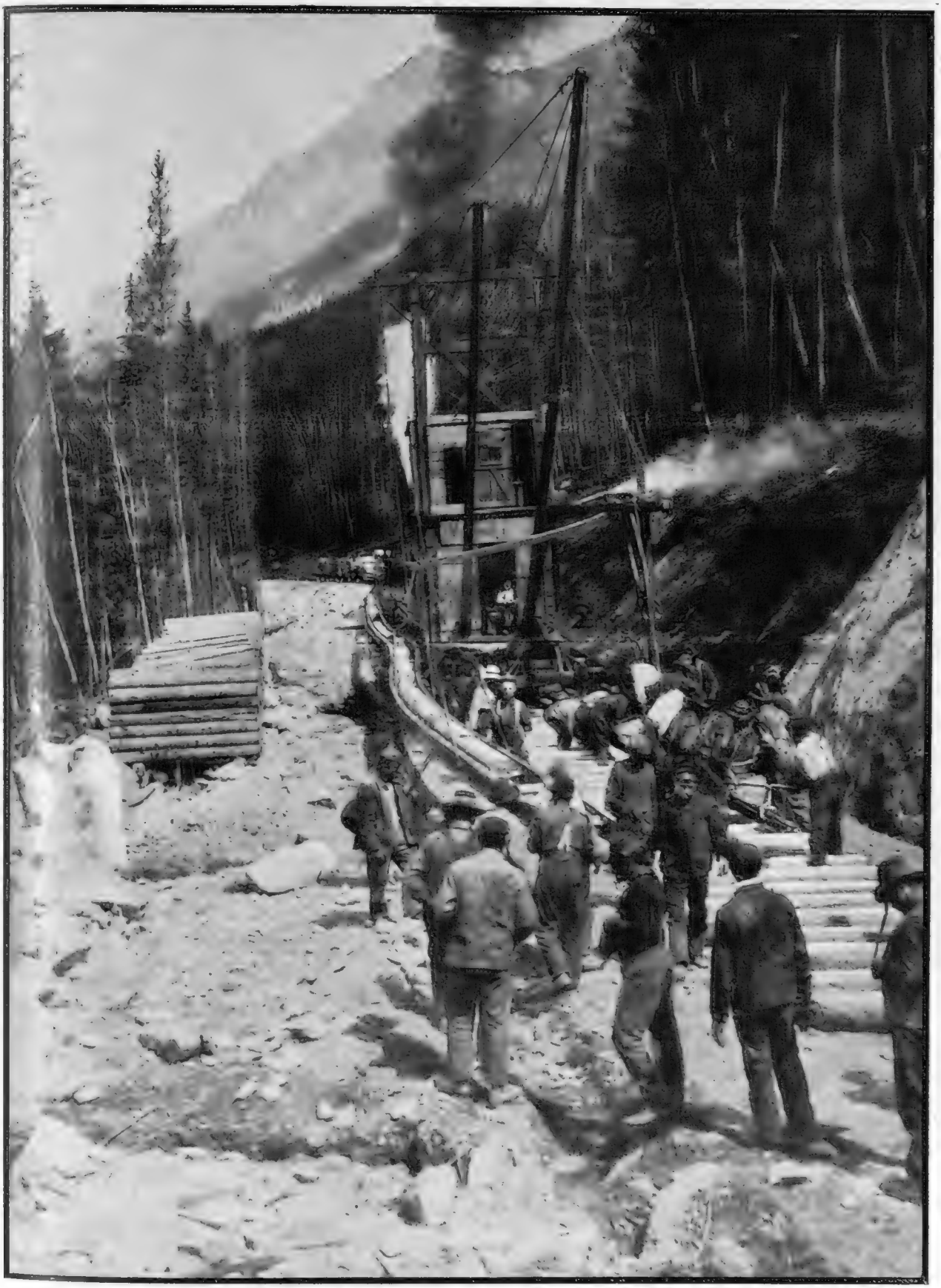
EXERCISING THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS

A very useful pack of fifty-five couples showing Melton, Belvoir, and Meynell strains. The kennels are at Whaddon Lane, Cheltenham

matches this year are with Newport, Cardiff, Bristol, Torquay, Gloucester, etc., and two teams are run by the Cheltenham Club at water polo. Motoring, hockey, and lawn tennis are all popular. Taking Cheltenham all round, it is second to none as a sporting centre. It is liberally supplied with every facility for games, and the various grounds are picturesque.

Track-Laying in a Hurry

DRIVING CIVILISATION INTO THE HEART OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES



Far out in the North-West of Canada, where the Grand Trunk Railway is driving its Trans-continental line through the Yellowhead Pass, the great railway game is being played furiously. The track-laying train of perhaps fifteen cars, loaded with rails and ties, or sleepers, has along one side a continuous trough into which the ties are thrown by men on the rear trucks, and propelled mechanically in a stream to the front of the train where other men snatch and throw them down on the rough roadbed. On the other side of the train is another trough with rollers along which come rails already fitted with connecting plates. Each rail is caught by the steel gang armed with huge pincers, slapped into place, a single bolt is slipped in and screwed up lightly by hand, and a stretcher is placed between the rails to keep them the proper distance apart. Two shrill screeches from the track-layer and the train moves on. The steel is laid. Behind the train comes a gang of thirty men furiously hammering in spikes to hold the rail to the tie. With the mechanical track-layer, as described, two miles or more a day can be laid in prairie country, but in mountainous country full of curves, such as is shown here, 2,500 feet a day is good work

The Human Boy

THAT truly estimable creature, Norman Bryan Corkey, is almost worthy to rank with even so distinguished a man as the late Samuel Pepys, one of whose descendants appears in the diary now set forth and printed by one Eden Philpotts, a novelist who must surely be nearly eighteen years old, which means to say that *From the Angle of Seventeen* (Murray: 3s. 6d. net) makes most admirable reading. Mr. Corkey wrote down his experiences at seventeen because his aunt Augusta wanted to read them, and here they are. Aunt Augusta thought them funny—I agree with her—but young Mr. Corkey was not altogether pleased by the epithet. To him these pages aim at nothing but a plain and sober chronicle. He describes just what happened to him in a fire insurance office, in a polite school of dramatic elocution, at Stamford Bridge, where you run round a cinder track and obtain salt-cellars and other furniture for so doing, and in Trafalgar Square at such times when the mob indulges in one of those playful little revolutions in the course of which they knock your top-hat into the mud. Mr. Corkey is an ingenuous lad with a fund of information. He knows that champagne may be dry or sweet, he knows that men are more interesting than girls—even after an innocent adventure with the blue-eyed person he met outside the Lyceum; she asked him to write a poem to her eyes, but he rightly refused—and he knows that "at Trafalgar Square there are, of course, great natural facilities for approaching the Strand." And what more can you demand of him? You close this delightful book with the wish that *From the Angle of Eighteen* will be shortly appearing. Probably Mr. Corkey and Mr. Philpotts will settle up the thing between them. I fervently hope so.

MRS. LEVERSON

Whose amusing new novel, "Tenterhooks," was recently published by Grant Richards: 6s.

Cornish Tragedy

Anyone who has driven over the Cornish moors—every bit as gloomy and forlorn as the moors of Mr. Philpotts' own particular domain—must have been struck by their possibilities as a background for romance. There are wild stretches of what may be bog, and curious mists which play tricks with the light, and mysterious sounds which defy explanation. No wonder Cornwall is the most superstitious county in England—if, indeed, it is in England at all, which I sometimes doubt. It is about these Cornish moors that Mrs. Arnold, in *The Storm-Dog* (John Long: 6s.), weaves the picturesque tragedy of the unfortunate Denzel family. Dick and Nancy Denzel ought to have married one another, but they saw the Storm-Dog—a Cornish phenomenon—and did not. Dick married a flaxen-haired doll, Nancy gave herself to Rosvean, the horrible old vicar whose life is not often seen in contemporary fiction. Rosvean is Dickensesque. He is almost great. He is an inhuman beast, with just those occasional touches of humanity which are to be found in even the most heartless of hypocrites. It is upon Rosvean that the book stands or falls, and in this terrible clergyman Mrs. Arnold has gone far. There is a somewhat complicated plot, and a great number of the characters die, but the book is also remarkable by reason of its beautiful pictures of Cornish life and Cornish lands. There are perhaps too many characters, and Mrs. Arnold's determination to kill off as many of them as she can is certainly ruthless, but on the whole the book has qualities which give it a place of its own.

Prize-Fighting

Mr. George Edgar's novel, *The Blue Bird's Eye* (Mills and Boon: 6s.), should satisfy those readers who are tired of the subtleties of to-day and wish for a simple yarn of love and adventure. In Mr. Edgar's exciting story of a hundred years ago, the fortunes of the house of Dering are staked upon the issue of a prize-fight. Hen Pearce, the "Game Chicken," is Sir John Dering's lad, Firby, the hope of his villainous rival, Colonel Darleigh. The fight is not allowed to take place until the Colonel has exhausted his devilish ingenuity. There are kidnappings and skirmishes and insults and duels, but in the end Sir John triumphs over his rival, and everything is happily brought to a finish. There is more than a little resemblance between this brightly told story and one of Conan Doyle's books, but what matter? The author recreates with some success those days when we were not so eager to vote and to watch sports without joining in them, and he describes the great fight with a nice eye for the drama of it.

The Making of Italy

It is impossible, in the space at my disposal, to speak at all adequately of *The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi* (Hodder and Stoughton: 2 vols., 32s. net), collected and edited by his nephew, Thomas Palamenghi-Crispi. Their importance to the historian

A Leap Into Fame

THE MINIATURIST FOR WHOM THE THIEF HAS PROVED AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE

MRS. FRANK EASTMAN: FROM A PASTEL SKETCH BY HER HUSBAND, MR. F. S. EASTMAN

"The Bystander," it goes without saying, congratulates Mrs. Frank Eastman on the recovery of her miniatures which were recently stolen from their glass case at the Royal Academy. Any discomfiture which the artist may have suffered during her loss must have been atoned for by the admirable advertisement given her and her work

chiefly appears from the most cursory examination. Crispi was the man who after Garibaldi, whom he so faithfully served, seems to have done most for the making of modern Italy. And these volumes give, where possible, Crispi's own words. You read of his early struggles when exiled from Sicily, of his many troubles with the authorities, of his extraordinary leap to power, and of his final adventures as diplomat. As a protagonist in that wonderful march of the Thousand, as the friend of Mazzini and, later, of Bismarck, as the trusted servant of Victor Emanuel, he shows himself to have been a man whose name may be revered for all time. The editor's plan of allowing Crispi to tell his own story does not always make for cohesion, but there is a running commentary to fill many of the gaps. To English readers his various conversations with British statesmen may prove of most interest, but a majority of the documents are here printed for the first time, and in these days of dreary reprinting under various guises, Crispi's *Memoirs* must take a prominent place. A book for leisurely inspection.

"Roddles"

Not many characters emerge so distinctly from the printed page as Mr. B. Paul Neuman's *Roddles* (Murray: 6*s.*). A drunken, aitchless tailor he is, whose wife has left him to look after twin sons. Dick and Jim and their father live in rooms in a house in Chancery Lane. Like Sir Austin Feverel, Mr. Roddles has a system. In this case the system depends on the single idea that the sons are to be brought up to follow anything but their father's manners and habits. He may be as dirty and as slovenly as he pleases: they must be clean. He may drink when he likes, and may enjoy periodic periods of slackness: they must work unceasingly. And work unceasingly they do. Both boys get scholarships and prizes. Both go to a University; both become friends with people who would not like to meet Mr. Roddles himself. The father is content to look on at the sight of both his sons becoming gentlemen. He stays proudly in his detestable surroundings. Success comes to the sons: one goes to the Bar and later to Parliament. He ends on the bench—Mr. Justice Roddles. The other finds help at the hands of a dear old man with ideas upon homeopathy, who buys him a practice—and ends as the famous Richard Roddles, F.R.S. And they both live in the Cromwell Road, which had been the goal of Mr. Roddles's ambitions. On the other hand, the father, still proud and unwilling to be friends with these gentlemen whom he has made, sinks lower and lower. The sons try to help him; he will accept nothing. He cannot but see the success of his system, but that very success somehow annoys him, and finally drives him to the riverside. He is only saved by a Salvation Army girl. The last scene of all shows him preaching in the street within a stone's-throw of both his sons' houses. But there is no reconciliation. He is not of their world. Roddles, indeed, is a finely sketched character, strong in his queer way, and infinitely pathetic. The story runs along parallel lines, as it were. You follow the careers of the three men in rotation. This method has its disadvantages, but the book may be highly recommended.

RALPH STRAUS

MR. E. T. REED, "THE BYSTANDER'S" POLITICAL CARTOONIST, AS HE SEES HIMSELF

This drawing is reproduced by kind permission of "The Gentlewoman"

TO INTERPRET MUSIC FOLLOW THE METROSTYLE LINE.

This picture shows the Metrostyle in operation. By means of a pointer attached to the tempo lever you follow the red Metrostyle line on the music-roll and so play the music exactly as the composer, or one of his ablest exponents, played it when marking the roll.

The Metrostyle is the exclusive feature of the Pianola which enables you to play with as much expression as the most gifted musician. When used in conjunction with the Pianola music-rolls it guides you as surely as if the composer himself were with you, and yet provides unlimited scope for your personal taste. It is only to be found in the Pianola.

This picture shows you the Metrostyle line on the music-roll. It is marked on the roll by the actual composer or other skilled musician, and every divergence to left or right indicates an essential change in the time. To follow this line with the Metrostyle pointer is to play with perfect expression.

The

Pianola Piano

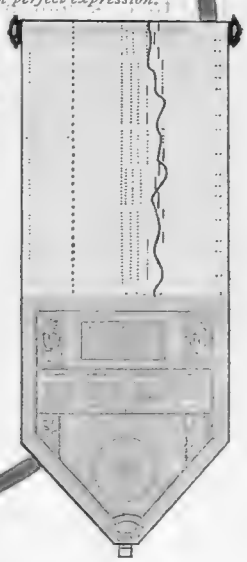
is the only piano-playing instrument recognised by the world's greatest musicians, and the only one entitled to use the familiar term—"Pianola."

You are invited to call at Æolian Hall to see how easily the Metrostyle enables you to play any of your favourite melodies in the way you have longed to play them. If unable to call, write for Catalogue "B."

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

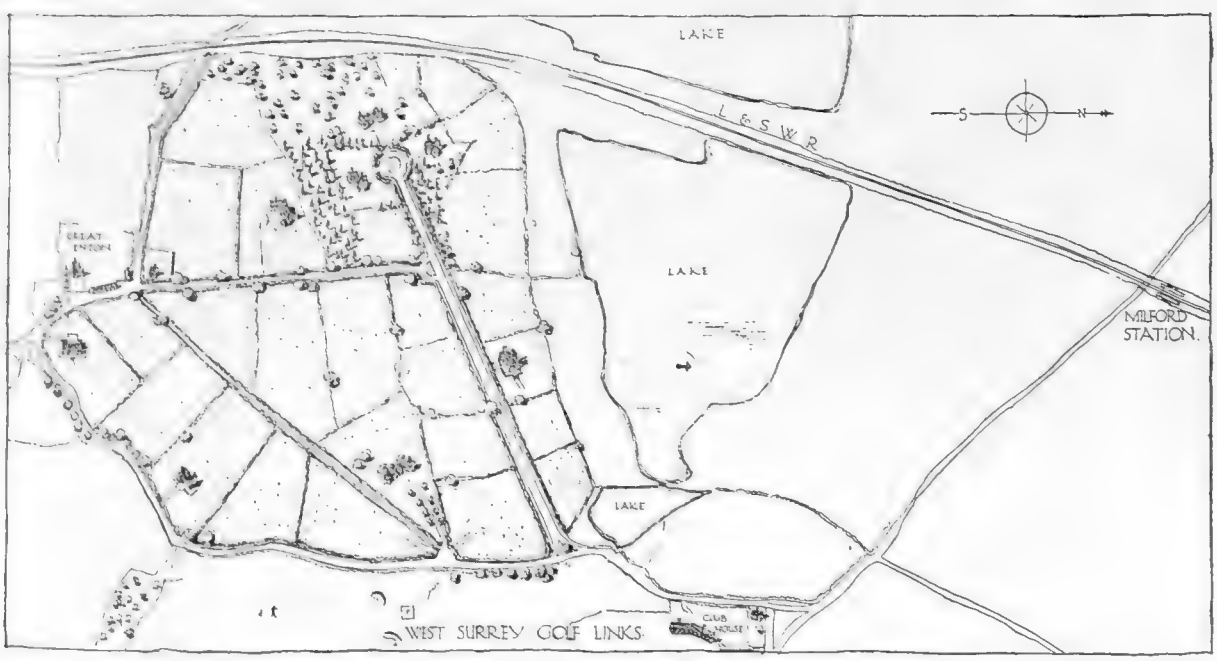
The ORCHESTRELLE COMPANY, ÆOLIAN HALL, 135-6-7, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR



WITLEY—SURREY.

HUNTING. FISHING. GOLF. SHOOTING.



A LIMITED NUMBER OF BEAUTIFUL BUILDING SITES IN SIZES TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

The only sites for small Country Residences available in this lovely spot. CLOSE TO MILFORD STATION, L. and S.W. RLY. (Portsmouth direct line). FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY.—Particulars and all information from the Surveyors, Messrs. WHATLEY, WING and BAMFORD, 37, King Street, St. James', S.W.: or of the Solicitors, Messrs. ALBERT and EDGAR COHN, 20, Great Winchester Street, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

A Tax on Sport

I gather that Mr. Lloyd George, having had his five million surplus meanly filched from him —some nonsense about the navy—is talking of raising the wind by a tax on "amusements," to include sporting contests. Of the precise method of working the tax nothing has yet been revealed. If it is to be the stamp system, I should like to warn Mr. George in good time that, in addition to the minor point that gum is bad stuff to train on, there will be several objections to applying this hitherto so popular scheme to sport. Lawn tennis players, for instance, may find the filling-up of a tax form as well as an entry form for every tournament almost irksome. The stamp, I suppose, will bear the image of the Chancellor wielding a golf club, with the superscription *Ne plus ultra* (even a plus man can't get more out of the game than I do). He is really a golfer, I know, because he played a round the other day at a club to which I belong, and tipped his caddie, I'm told, no less than three shillings —a proof of his sporting appreciation of a game which someone, I forget who, classed among the "amusements of the idle rich."

The Spectator of the Future

A percentage on gate-money, of course, is one of the devices which will most certainly suggest itself. That means the prices of admission will have to be raised, and cricket spectators, whose dwindling numbers recently gave the *Daily Mail* several serious half-column heart-searchings as to the possible continuance of the Empire, will doubtless be still further reduced to somewhere near the vanishing point. And in the cricket reports of 1913 we shall read, after the scores and bowling analysis, something like this: "Umpires: G. Webb and W. A. J. West. Spectator: J. T. Jenkins." The one bright spot in the scheme is that it will put a stop to further hysterical (and unsporting) propositions for a £30,000 fund and professional trainers for British competitors in the Olympic games. For by 1916, when the next games are due, all "sporting contests," as far as we are concerned, will inevitably have been taxed out of existence.

The Renaissance of Riseley

It is not often that a lawn tennis player who has practically retired from the game for some years really takes his place again in the front rank. But the form shown by F. L. Riseley at Edgbaston, both in the inter-county competition and the Midland Counties tournament, has given rise to hopes that he may, after a little more practice, give us another taste at Wimbledon of the prowess of the giants of the Doherty period, which we have almost forgotten (lawn tennis memories are short), and which we should very much like to compare with the best that the modern standard can show. Riseley, I understand, considers that he is hardly slim enough for Singles now, but he showed at Edgbaston little, if any, falling-off from the marvellous mobility with which on his last appearance at Wimbledon he won the Doubles Championship almost off his own racket. And that wonderful smash of his is still the finest in England.

Photograph *Sport and General*

F. L. RISELEY

Who showed splendid form at Edgbaston, both in the Inter-County Tournament and the Midland Counties Lawn Tennis Tournament, inspiring the hope that he may give another taste of his prowess at Wimbledon next year. This photograph was taken seven years ago, before Mr. Riseley practically retired from the game

Wilding's Retirement

Meanwhile, all sportsmen will feel regret at A. F. Wilding's announcement that he will have to put business before lawn tennis in future, and will very probably retire from the Championship which he has held now for three years. He won and kept the title by real hard work and self-conquest, and his game—in a day when some players are far too fond of questioning umpire's decisions and other school-girlish tricks—has always been a thoroughly sporting one. We will hope that business will prove elastic. If not, who is to wear the mantle next? Riseley?

The Professional Punting Championship

The annual contest for the Professional Punting Championship of the Thames was held in Bray Reach last Thursday, and resulted in a win for F. Nicholes of Egham, making his fourth consecutive success. The race was punted in pitiful weather—a perfect deluge of rain being accompanied by thunder and lightning. Nicholes beat the time record, covering the distance—a mile, with one turn—in 9 min. 5 sec., as against W. Haines' 9 min. 27 sec. in 1905, the previous best.

"As Health is such a blessing, and the very source of all pleasure, it may be worth the pains to discover the region where it grows, the springs that feed it, the customs and methods by which it is best cultivated and preserved."—SIR W. TEMPLE

WHAT IS HEALTH?

"**HEALTH** is that which makes your meat and drink both savoury and pleasant. **HEALTH** is that which makes your bed easy and your sleep refreshing; that revives your strength with the rising sun and makes you cheerful at the light of another day. **HEALTH** is that which fills up the hollow and uneven parts of your body, making it plump and comely; 'tis that which dresseth you in nature's richest attire and adorns your face with her choicest colours. **HEALTH** is that which makes fertile and increaseth the natural endowments of your mind and preserves them long from decay; makes your wit acute and your memory retentive. **HEALTH** is that which supports the fertility of a corruptible body and preserves the verdure, vigour and beauty of youth and 'tis that which makes the soul take delight in her mansion enchanting herself at the casements of your eyes."—MAYNWARINGE 1683.

"Nor Love thy Life nor Hate, but what thou livest live well."—MILTON.

AUGUST.

"Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding, tempt the joyful reaper's hand."—POPE.

INTERNAL as well as External Cleanliness.

"Recent researches have led to the establishment of the fact, to the satisfaction of the medical profession of the whole civilised world, that the chief cause of the infirmities of old age, as well as of a large proportion of the diseases of adult life, is the process known as auto-intoxication, or self-poisoning. This poisoning of our own bodies is due to putrefaction taking place in the large intestine, which in turn is the result of decomposition of food material set up by germs or microbes which infest the bowel and which flourish most where bowel cleanliness least obtains. The dual problem, therefore, of maintaining health and postponing the evils of old age resolves itself into the question as to how intestinal putrefaction may be averted or prevented—or, in other words, how the bowel may be kept clean."—*Extract from "Diet and the Maximum Duration of Life."*

"Into man's hands is placed the rudder of his frail barque, that he may not allow the waves to work their will."—GOETHE.

The human body has unfortunately a power of auto-intoxication, *i.e.*, of poisoning itself unless certain deleterious products are quickly removed from the alimentary system. There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable remedy which will, by natural means, get rid of dangerous waste matter, without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality than

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

AN IDEAL SUMMER ALTERATIVE.

Where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, prevented a Serious Illness. Its effect upon any Disordered, Sleepless, or Feverish Condition is simply Marvellous.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

RACING: A Glance Ahead. BY CARBINE

In Days of Yore

In the old days a good many substantial bets would have been made at this time of the year on the Derby of the succeeding season. But times are changed, and nobody ever dreams nowadays of backing a two-year-old twelve months before the date of the chief classic race. Naturally, it was possible to secure wonderful odds in the days of which I write. A well-known racing veteran has often told me how he took 1,000 to 20 about a Derby colt just before the Middle Park Plate. The colt started a raging favourite at Epsom, and won in a canter. On the other hand, it is to be feared that the public were often badly hit by this advance betting. Well informed bookmakers used to make fortunes by laying against horses which racegoers sometimes graphically describe as "stunners." To-day backers are often as well informed as bookies, and the latter, having been deprived of a profitable source of revenue, no longer offer tempting odds about the classic prospects of two-year-olds.

Next Year's Derby

Still, although advance betting is almost a dead-letter so far as the Derby is concerned, there can be few racegoers who are uninterested in the prospects of the race, even though we have to wait until next summer for the actual contest. Several owners are now awaiting the Derby of 1913 with special interest. One is Mr. Edward Hulton, the fortunate possessor of an extraordinarily smart lot of young racers. It is possible that the breakdown of Lomond robbed the wealthy Manchester newspaper proprietor of the Derby of the present year. What rare consolation for that disappointment it will be to Mr. Hulton if he is able to lead in the winner of the great race next year. He certainly has quite a fair chance of doing so, as his colt, Shogun, looks to be about the best of the two-year-olds, while the stable has a good second string in Queen's Man. Mr. H. E. Beddington, who has been an owner of racehorses for about forty years, is also looking forward hopefully to the next season's Derby, as his Rock Flint holds a distinct chance upon his Goodwood running. I am inclined to think that our best two-year-olds this time are rather above average excellence.

Selections

Although there are some good stakes to be run for, the meeting at Kempton Park this week comes in the heart of the holiday season, and is one of the quietest of the year at this popular course. The most interesting event will be the St. James's Stakes on Thursday, in which Lomond will be given another public St. Leger trial. He has to give a good deal of weight away, including 5lb. to White Star, who should be his most dangerous antagonist. **Warfare** may win the Greenwood Handicap on Wednesday, and **Miramichi** the International Plate. On the following day **Irrigation** may be worth following in the Maiden Plate. At Redcar on the same afternoon **Jack Saw** may take the Great National Breeders' Stakes.

GANT
41, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

The most Advantageous Terms of any Reliable Turf Accountancy Extant—(Vide Press)

£50,000 Guaranteed DEPOSIT at Bankers for this particular business.

(CREDIT ACCOUNTS ONLY.)

Write giving particulars of your requirements to

DANIEL M.
GANT
41, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

ELEY

CARTRIDGES

are accepted as the standard of Cartridge reliability—Sportsmen may obtain Eley Cartridges (loaded either by the gun-maker from whom they are bought or by Eley) with any standard powder, including

'SCHULTZE,' 'BALLISTITE,'
'EMPIRE,' E.C. 'NEONITE,'
'AMBERITE,' 'HENRITE,'
'SMOKELESS DIAMOND'

WHOLESALE ONLY—

ELEY
BROS., LTD.
LONDON

AN IDEAL SPORTS SHIRT

Cut by an expert man tailor, and quite different from the ordinary so-called tailor Shirt, Made from extra heavy Pyjama Silk, with stitched turn-down collar and cuffs. Stocked in sizes 12½, 13, 13½, 14, 14½, and 15. Also in plain cream and striped Spunella Silk.

21/9

To special measures, 2/- extra.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value

CADENABBIA

Hotel

Bellevue.

LAKE OF COMO.

FIRST CLASS.

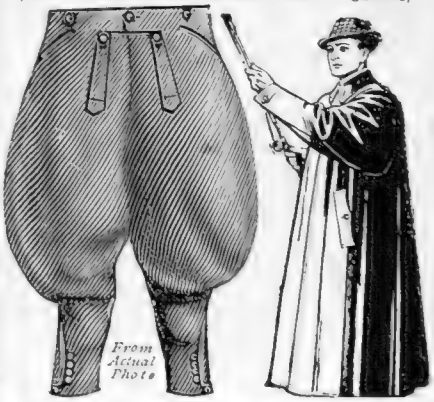
Estd. over 20 years. 12 Gold Medals

HARRY HALL

"THE" Coat & Breeches Specialist & Habit Maker
207, OXFORD STREET, W. (near Oxford Circus.)
31, ELDON STREET (Liverpool Street), E.C.
ONLY MAKER of 'HALLZONE' IDEAL 'Gold Medal'

21/- RIDING BREECHES

(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere from 2 & 3 guineas)



Best Fitting & Value Breeches made.
In Riding & Bedford Cords, Real Harris & Scotch Tweeds, Sheppards' Checks, & the Famous "HALLZONE" **GARBETTE** (Thorn, Rain-proofed, & Washable).
PATTERNS POST FREE

Sole Maker of 'Hallzone' 'RAYNREZYSTA COVERALL Regd. **30/-** Exact style as sold elsewhere at 63/-).
A Stormproof Lined Slipover for rain or shine
SUITS & OVERCOATS from **63/-**.
Unequalled Value FIT and STYLE.

Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-Measurement Form.
PATTERNS POST FREE.
VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for SUITS, BREECHES, &c., for future use, or order & fit same day.

Rowland's Kalydor

A most Cooling, Soothing and Refreshing Preparation for the Skin, and makes the

FACE, HANDS & ARMS

beautifully Soft and White. It effectually prevents and removes Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, Redness, Roughness of the Skin; Cures, Soothes, and Heals all Irritation, Cutaneous Eruptions, Spots, etc., makes the

SKIN SOFT AS VELVET

and produces a Beautiful Pure, and Delicate Complexion. Bottles, **2/3** & **4/6**. Of Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Avoid worthless substitutes, and buy only Rowland's Kalydor.

Pocket Money for you

Don't hoard your old jewellery, etc.; turn it into cash at Frasers.

Highest Prices Given. { Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold Jewellery, Platinum, Plate, &c. } Offer sent by return.

R. D. & J. B. FRASER, Goldsmiths, &c., Desk 14, Princes Street, IPSWICH.

Frasers OF IPSWICH

Read

THE DAILY GRAPHIC

PRICE ONE PENNY.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d. 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

Photograph] THE FIRST BELGIAN LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP [*Montagùe Dixon*

Held on the links at Cog-sur-Mer, near Ostend last week. Our photograph shows Mme. de Hemptrim, who played a steady game throughout, putting on the eighteenth green. The outstanding feature of the competition, however, was the excellent play of the seventeen-year-old winner, Miss Maud Higgs, who beat Miss Rider in the final by 6 and 4

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Proposed Alterations of Rules

The suggested alterations in the rules, mention of which was made at the spring meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, have now been submitted, *urbi et orbi*, for consideration and discussion pending their final confirmation or rejection at the autumn meeting at St. Andrews. In the majority of cases the alterations are merely verbal, and are made for the purpose of improving the grammar or adding to the clearness of a rule. An instance of the former is the famous sentence in paragraph three of Rule 2, which has at length been discovered to be absolutely ungrammatical, and which in its altered form will no longer offend our Ollendorfian sensibilities. But these are not of great importance, and need not detain us. I pass, therefore, to the points which are likely to arouse controversy, and which make vital alterations. The first of these is the elimination of "rushes" from the definition of a "hazard" and the addition of the words "unless excepted by local rule" after the word "ditch." The explanatory note of the Rules Committee states that they think "rushes" should be dealt with by local rule, and that the exception to "ditch" refers to the grassy hollows which have come into vogue owing to the popular craze for humps and hollows on many inland greens. I am glad rushes are to cease to be a hazard in the general rules; they have led to many unhappy incidents, and, as the Committee justly observe, are extremely difficult to define.

Out-of-Bounds and Lost Ball Penalties

We come now to the proposal of the Committee which will cause most discussion and controversy, the penalties for lost ball and ball out of bounds. The Committee propose that the penalties for these two cases should be identical, viz., loss of stroke and distance, but they suggest, as an alternative for the out-of-bounds case, if their proposed penalty is not agreed to, that it should be left to local rule to allot the penalty. Now the "lost ball lost hole" penalty has been in force in the code of St. Andrews since 1875. There is a most interesting discussion of the history of this rule in the new book by Messrs. Hilton and Garden Smith, which I reviewed last week. In the earliest extant St. Andrews code, that of 1754, the penalty is the one now proposed; in the 1775 Honourable Company code it is merely loss of a stroke, the player being allowed to play another ball from the place where he supposed his ball had gone. But in the Aberdeen code of 1783 the "lost ball lost hole" penalty is strenuously emphasised, and Mr. Garden Smith gives good reasons for supposing that this was the true old rule, and that the codes of 1754 and 1775 were a backsliding from the old Spartan practice. Be that as it may, the present generation and its predecessor were brought up on the tradition that if a ball was lost the hole was also lost. The arguments in favour of relaxing the rule are founded partly on the practice of the old codes and partly on equity, while the great lenience of the present out-of-bounds rule has added cogency to the arguments of the party of equity. Personally, I should strongly regret any alteration of the "lost ball lost hole" rule.

Ridiculous Rule

I agree that the present out-of-bounds rule is ridiculous, but if we leave it to be decided by local rule we shall have varying rules on different courses. Whatever may be decided, I do hope that the out-of-bounds rule will be kept in the general code, and not left to be decided by local rule. But why not harden the out-of-bounds rule and make it the same as the present lost ball rule? Let the penalty be in each case loss of hole. It would simplify matters very much and add to the rigour of the game, a much-needed requisite in these hedonistic days. The root objection to the proposed penalty of stroke and distance for a lost ball lies in the crowded state of all courses in these days. I trust, therefore, that the old "lost ball lost hole" rule will be kept, and that, failing a hardening of the out-of-bounds rule to the same penalty, the Committee's proposed "loss of stroke and distance" will be passed.

Rule 2 of the special rules for match-play competitions, which imposes a penalty of disqualification on a player waiving an opponent's penalty is now to have as penalty the loss of the hole. This is an excellent modification.

ERNEST LEHMANN

OWING TO THEIR SUPERIOR QUALITY,

Uniformity, and Durability, the

"COLONEL"

GOLF BALLS STILL MAINTAIN THEIR PREMIER POSITION IN THE GOLF BALL WORLD.

"WHITE COLONEL" - - 2/6 — The Golf Ball de Luxe. Made in two markings.

"ARCH COLONEL" - - 2/6 — Sunken Marking. The Latest Golf Ball.

"PATENT COLONEL" - - 2/-

"HEAVY COLONEL" - - 2/- — The Ideal Ball for Windy Days.

Sold everywhere. 6d. each allowed for old "Colonels" when new ones purchased.

ST. MUNGO MANUFACTURING CO., GOVAN, SCOTLAND.

London Office: 37, Walbrook, E.C. New York Office: 37, Warren Street.

Boston Garter

REGD T.M. H.W. No 314135 Velvet Grip REGD T.M. No 304904

The name is stamped on every loop. Be sure it's there. *Look for the guarantee label attached to each pair.*

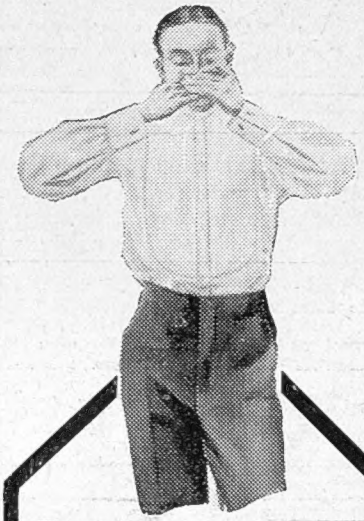
Rubber Buttons together with Best English Elastic and Nickelled Brass Rustless Fittings.

Cotton (plain, check, or stripe), 1/- pair.

Silk (plain elastic), 2/- pair.

By Post, 1d. per pair extra.

McBIRNEY and MILLS, 433, STRAND, W.C.



DRESS SHIRTS.

As Linen enters so largely into the build of a good shirt, we as Linen Manufacturers, know from experience the qualities to employ.

We make up our own Shirts under ideal working conditions.

In two grades with stiff fronts :—

Matchless A Strong Wearing Shirt, each **5/11**

Imperial from Finer Materials, each **7/11**

SHIRTS TO ORDER with plain or pleated fronts at a small extra charge.

Illustrated List of Shirts & Collars Free

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.

44 T, DONEGALL PLACE,

London. **BELFAST.** Liverpool.

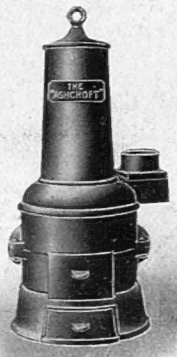
NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO., LTD.,

THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD.

Telegrams: Estab. 1793. *Telephone No. 2200 (two lines)*

"NEWTON, SHEFFIELD."

Branch Offices: Brook House, 10-12, Walbrook, LONDON, E.C. — Grosvenor Bldgs., Deansgate, MANCHESTER — 50a, Lord Street - - - - - LIVERPOOL — Moorhead - - - - - - - SHEFFIELD



THE "ASHCROFT" BOILER.

This Boiler is very Suitable for Garage and Greenhouse Heating as particulars below.

	Size	To Heat 4in Pipe	Tappings	Dia. of Smoke Pipe	Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 1	12in. x 8in.	40ft.	1in.	4in.	£1 12 6
,, 2	12in x 12in	60ft.	1in.	4in.	£2 2 6
,, 3	12in. x 16in.	80ft.	1in.	4in.	£2 11 0

GREENHOUSE	ft.in.	ft. in. ft.in	GARAGE	ft. in.	ft. in. ft.in
No. 1 Boiler,	11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0		No 1 Boiler,	20 0 x 20 0 x 10 0	
,, 2 ,,	11 0 x 16 0 x 8 0		,, 2 ,,	25 0 x 25 0 x 10 0	
,, 3 ,,	11 0 x 21 0 x 8 0		,, 3 ,,	28 0 x 28 0 x 10 0	

Or Same Area.

MARICH Cigarettes

SMOKED BY ROYALTY.

A solid leather cigarette case containing a sample of these Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a P.O. (or stamps) for 1/6 and mentioning paper.

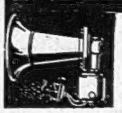
Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most critical Tastes.

Supplied to many of the leading Naval and Military Messes, Clubs, &c.

100 post free, 7/-

V. MARICH & CO. (MALTA.)
Dept. B, Billiter Buildings, LONDON, E.C.

KLAXON



BRITISH MADE KLAXON HORNS are always HEARD by all, always UNDERSTOOD, always OBEYED. They are unquestionably the best warning signals obtainable. Kindly send postcard for booklet, mentioning "Bystander" The KLAXON Co., Ltd., 41, Gt. Portland St., LONDON, W.

ASTROLOGY MERCURY, THE OLD ASTROLOGER, Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, WILL READ THE STARS FOR YOU, AND REVEAL YOUR DESTINY. Thousands of testimonials from delighted Clients. Send birth-date and 1/- P.O. for Horoscope of your life, with TWO YEARS' Directions and CONFIDENTIAL advice, to Prof. MERCURY (B.D.), Whitchurch, CARDIFF.

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE.

KROPP

ALWAYS READY FOR USE

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.

REAL HAMBURG GROUND

RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING

DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH SUBSTITUTES.

Black Handle - - - - - - - -	5/6	Kropp Duplex Strop - - - - - -	7/6
Ivory Handle - - - - - - - -	7/6	Kropp Strop Paste - - - - - -	6d.
Pair, Ivory Handles, in Russia Leather Case	21/-	Kropp Badger Hair Shaving Brush, 5/6, 7/6, & 10/6	

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

THE PLEASURES OF COUNTRY TOURING

are reduced to vanishing point if you suffer from tyre troubles, the *bête-noir* of the motorist's existence. There are many motorists who patiently (more or less) endure the annoying delays caused by punctures, bursts, and the "thousand natural ills that some tyres are heir to." But this is all unnecessary if at the start you fit a really reliable tyre—not a tyre whose makers only say it is reliable, but a tyre that all users staunchly adhere to, and recommend it to all their friends.

NORTH BRITISH

CLINCHER

MOTOR TYRES

"The Tyre that is Superior"

Scientifically tested in all stages of the making in our laboratories, it gives the most highly satisfactory results—its resiliency, durability, mileage, and reliability being famous throughout motoring circles.

WRITE FOR OUR LIST TO-DAY.

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.
Tyre Sales Department: CLINCHER HOUSE,
Great Portland Street, London, W.
Telephones: Gerrard 8578, 8579. Telegrams: "Nobritire, London"
Sole Agents for the "Thomas" Resilient Tyre. Prices on application.

"Country Life"

Smoking Mixture

This delightful combination of the Best Tobaccos is sold in two strengths:

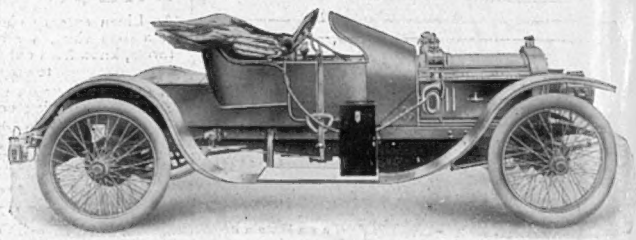
MILD and MEDIUM.

5D. per ounce. **1/8** per ¼-lb. tin.

N.B.—"Country Life" is packed in original packets and tins by the Manufacturers:

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham

The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Gt. Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



"It may interest you to learn that the car has now run something like **50,000 miles without a single mechanical trouble.**"
—H. W. HUTCHINSON.

"As a matter of plain fact it is **very nearly perfect—very.**"
—*The Motor*, February 27th, 1912.

STRAKER-SQUIRE

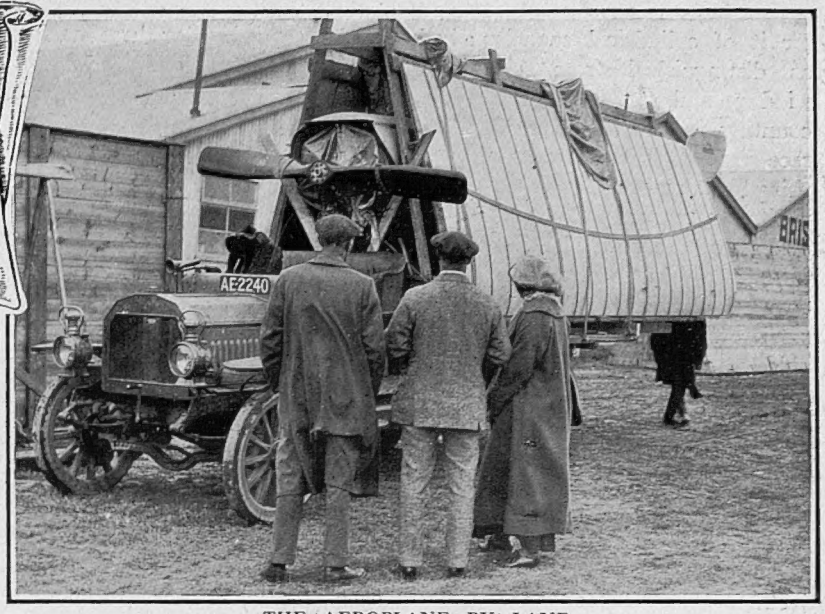
15 H.P.

ONE TYPE chassis only.
Suitable for all types of bodies.

S. Straker-Squire, Ltd., 75, Shaftesbury Av., London, W.

Motoring by Land, Sea, and Sky

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY



THE AEROPLANE BY LAND

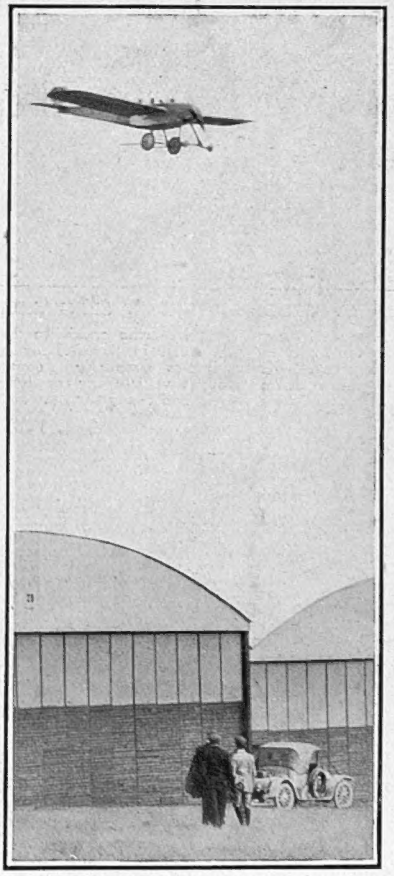
A close-hauled and compact motor lorry used on the Military Aviation Ground, Salisbury Plain, for the transport of aeroplanes. As greatly admired as the method of packing the machine itself. An aeroplane on land is speedily being transformed into a very tractable instrument

In Reply to Criticism

A TECHNICAL critic, by which a severely technical contributor to a profoundly technical contemporary is indicated, chides gently at those unhappy persons who have ventured adversely to comment upon the last Standard Car Race at Brooklands. I confess to a sense of sin in the matter in that not only did I suggest that the event was a "semi-failure" (the term to which my friend takes serious exception), but went the altogether unpardonable length of labelling it, bluntly, a fiasco—specifically and gladly excluding from that category the fine performances of the Singer car that won and the Gladiator car hardly less a victor.

The Elements of a Fiasco

My technical friend notwithstanding, I persist with my "fiasco." Any other term is to play with language to the deception of my public. My friend's public may prefer the *suggestio falsi*. Here it is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—or as near as we may get to it. Consider. The conditions were broadened to bring a greater popularity to the event, and a larger number of starters to the post; and the net result was an entry of no more than half the cars of last year, a list of actual starters one-third the size of last year's, and a finish that left us with but two cars to matter plus a third to pass the line an hour later. If there is any word other than fiasco equal to the requirements of that case I will use it as an alternative. But it must be fully the etymological equivalent of "fiasco."



THE ARMY TRIALS ON SALISBURY PLAIN

A Bristol monoplane flying in the wind test. Appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, the machine is only carrying two passengers (Mr. Burstee, pilot, and Mr. Harrison, passenger). The two funnels give it an omnibus effect as of four passengers being aboard

A Question of Gearing

My technical critic runs on to suggest various methods for improving what might be a competition of value to the private motorist. With those suggestions generally I have no quarrel save that, for any race of standard vehicles a track is very much less useful than a road course. A cement surface without hills puts odds on the vehicle of highest gear every time—other things remaining constant. That gear may be quite standard, of course, but it may, nevertheless, be too high for efficient give-and-take work on the road. A lower gear ratio may well give infinitely better average results. Which means that, on a track, the least efficient car may easily win because it is over-geared, while the best average standard car may be unplaced because most of the time its engine is roaring its power to waste, having no gear high enough to consume it to a racing advantage.

Essentials of Utility Racing

A road course such as the Isle of Man might gladly provide (and probably would have provided, when a movement was afoot to revive a road race on "Four-Inch" lines, had not King Edward's alleged opposition to road-racing been urged in sundry quarters); the abolition of that entirely grotesque R.A.C. formulæ which consider cylinder bore and nothing else, and the substitution

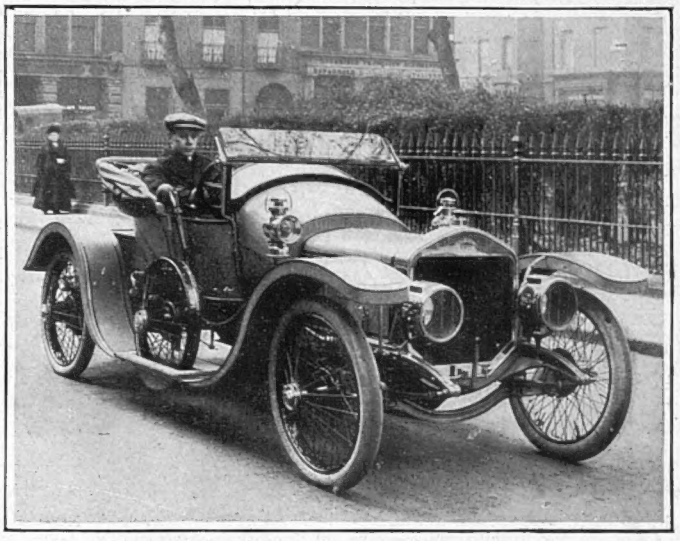
for it of cylindrical capacity; body weight carried as distinguished from chassis weight; area of windage and standard touring bodies—these factors counting in the final sum of the awards, and the race run on such a course, would provide something like a real test, one that would have appreciable utilitarian value, and one that would compel the interest of the man with a car. On the basis of a formulæ fairly incorporating these conditions, the competition could be open to all comers running in a single event, or, if that course were considered preferable (I am indifferent anyway), the race could be run in classes. At present we do not get beyond fiasco and the pathetic demonstration of futility.

Thrills at Brooklands

Brooklands provided us with a rare list of races at the August Bank Holiday meet, and for once the half-crown gate for the democracy was almost justified. The democracy, however, was not present in any overwhelming numbers to take advantage of its opportunities. That so far as the racing proper was concerned. My technical critic, already answered, remarked that the Standard Car Race provided us with one of the finest finishes ever seen at Brooklands. It was, indeed, a fine finish, but we see its like at least once at every Brooklands meeting, and often, as on Bank Holiday, several times. But in addition to those legitimate finishes we had several illegitimate thrills, illegitimate in the sense that we never expected them, and never paid for them. Notably there was the incident of Campbell's big Darracq, "Blue Bird," of 59.6 h.-p. Coming wide into the finishing straight at somewhere in the neighbourhood of 80 m.p.h., he struck the edge of the fork, and his two off-side rims, wrenched away, went flying down the track. Both wheels collapsed. For a full minute of fearful expectancy we waited for catastrophe while Campbell, his wheel-less axle ends forcing "Blue Bird" continually in towards the enclosure of parked cars and packed people, struggled with splendid nerve and self-possession to avoid that danger on the one hand and the equally horrible possibilities of a collision with the other competitors roaring down the track behind him. That he did both over a distance of two or three hundred yards is a great tribute to his resource and strength as a driver as well as to the stability of his Darracq steering mechanism. It was, nevertheless, a miracle of the first class, and good proof that the day of such is not done.

A Tilt at the Furze

Another fine driving feat was achieved by Hornsted on the Mass car he now drives. Hornsted sparkles among the most brilliant constellations in the firmament of racing, and probably never added more lustre to his reputation in a single sitting than when, with the car immediately in front of him seizing and being brought suddenly up all standing, he swung (there is only the edge of a fraction of a second in which to make a mind up in such circumstances) off the track into the furze, cleared his obstacle, and regained the cement again unscathed. The furze bushes, still clinging to his car when he finished the race and returned to the paddock, were more eloquent than a laurel wreath on the brow.



BY SPECIALISTS FOR SPECIALISTS

That is to say, made by Straker Squire (who specialise upon a single model to make it, in its class, the last word in fifteens) for specialists who can appreciate refinement. Withal it has simplicity of control and sturdy construction which makes it an excellent vehicle for the tyro. As illustrated, with Rilev wire wheels and ready for the road—£408

In Compression

Look after the small surface-cut, and the tyre will almost look after itself. Disintegration may start with the first abrasion in the tread. Water is squeezed in, follows the fabric of the tyre, robs it of its strength, saps it of its life, and leaves the cover with a burst perennially imminent. Tyre cements in infinite variety have come along to help palliate the trouble, and most of them have filled nothing except perhaps the purse of their manufacturers, and even that but temporarily. "Stayput," however, is a vastly improved product, and certainly the most satisfactory cement ever marketed for the purpose. A trial tin costs no more than a shilling from the B. F. Goodrich Company, of 117-123, Golden Lane, London, E.C., and will prove the mettle of its composition and the truth of my estimate. Try it.

The 28-32 h.-p. Bedford scored finely in the Coupe du Tzar, an international road competition covering fourteen days over a circuit which started at St. Petersburg and ran through Reval, Riga, Varsovic, Kief and Moscow. The car was first in its class for the flying kilometre at St. Petersburg, won a trophy in the kilometre race at Riga, made best time in its class for the hill climb at Kief, and secured a first prize presented by the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, and a first prize cup for the flying kilometer at Moscow. A most excellent performance over atrocious roads, and a high credit to an obviously reliable and efficient car. Congratulations.

A Rolls-Royce car is the last word in Automobile construction, and we can always arrange to give you a trial run on this magnificent make. Our contract enables us to give early deliveries. —JARROTT, LIMITED, 35, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.

When you are asked to experiment with unknown carburettors remember it's at *your* expense. The Claudel-Hobson Carburettor has been proved by time and experience. —H. M. HOBSON, Ltd. 29, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.